SATURDAY NIGHT

I ENJOY A BAD HEART

by Carlyle Allison

BILLION DOLLAR BOOM IN BC

by Stuart Keate

FEBRUARY 2, 1952 VOL. 67, NO. 17

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SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
Established 1887

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BEHIND THE SCENES

THE NEXT ISSUE: Canadian soldiers in Korea are afraid that they are becoming just a token force, a small unit attached to the U.S. Eighth Army, and they don't like it, reports PETER INGLIS, Southam Newspapers correspondent, who recently accompanied Defence Minister Claxton's party to Korea. The Canadian soldiers are fed, transported and commanded by non-Canadian sources, and fear they are in danger of losing their identity . . . SCOTT YOUNG sees himself in four roles that fulfill his lifetime ambitions. He daydreams of himself as the Man of Adventure, Man of Learning, Man of Letters, and Man of the Sportspage Column . . . MICHAEL BARKWAY comments on Canada's refusal to step up her raw-materials aid to fellow NATO members in Europe . . . The story by ALISON BARNES of two Canadians in England, Bernie and Barbara Braden.

COVER: This feet-off-the ground dancing pair are ALAN and BLANCHE LUND of Toronto. In spite of being Canadian to the core, they are probably better known in London West End theatres and U.S. hotel entertainment than at home. But Canadians are to have a chance to rectify this. The Lunds are one of the star turns in the Royal Command Music Hall Varieties that British star Tommy Trinder is bringing out on a cross-Canada tour—sponsored by Toronto's Variety Club, composed of men in show business and professional sport—to help their school for crippled boys. See page 15.—*Photo by Ken Bell.*

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MANAGING EDITOR
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Michael Barkway (Ottawa), P. M. Richards (Business), Willson Woodside (Foreign)

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ASSISTANT EDITORS
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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
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Hazel Watson (Editorial Secretary), Marjorie Budd (Editorial Assistant)

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OTTAWA VIEW

COLLECTING RADIO FEES

by Michael Barkway

FIFTY JOBS have soon to be filled in the Department of Transport. Fifty new supervisors are to be appointed to police the collection of the $2.50 radio licence this year. This is part of a new collection system worked out by the Department to try to meet the recurrent criticism that collection costs are too high and issue of licences too small.

The major change to be tried out this year is the abolition of the vendors who used to peddle radio licences from house to house. They got a 25-cent commission on each one, but they never came near to visiting everybody. In theory that didn't matter because every owner of a radio was bound by law to buy his licence, and he couldn't—again in theory—sit at home and wait for a vendor to call. This year there will be no more vendors at all: you have to get out to the Post Office and buy your licence. And if you don't get it, the chances of your being prosecuted will be—the Department hopes—a good deal better than they were last year.

The change of policy was announced to the Parliamentary Radio Committee last session by a civil servant. G. C. W. Browne, the official responsible for these collections in the Department of Transport, appeared before the committee with the permission of his minister, Lionel Chevrier. He told them of the new plan, and members immediately said this was a change in Government policy which ought not to have been announced by a civil servant.

To complete the embarrassment about the whole affair, Dr. J. J. McCann made it pretty clear that he didn't approve of the new policy. He is the minister through whom the CBC reports to Parliament. He was a member of the radio committee. Lionel Chevrier, who is responsible for collecting radio licences, was not a member. But his official had to face hostile questioning by another minister. It all seemed rather odd.

River Project in West

THE illness of Dr. T. H. Hogg in Toronto is delaying the work of the Royal Commission on the South Saskatchewan River project. He is the chairman of the commission, which also includes G. A. Gaherty of Calgary and the colorful figure of Dr. John A. Widtsoe of Salt Lake City. Dr. Widtsoe is a prominent Mormon, and one of the chief American experts on use of water-power.

While the Commission is formally hung up by Dr. Hogg's absence, its own small staff and its consultants are continuing most detailed studies into all kinds of matters affecting the South Saskatchewan River basin. The plan prepared by the Department of Agriculture, which the Royal Commission is studying, would provide a big dam in Central Saskatchewan (near Outlook). This dam, with a subsidiary one in the Qu'Appelle Valley, would hold the South Saskatchewan waters in a huge reservoir. Its primary use would be to irrigate half a million acres—most of it northwards towards Saskatoon, and some in the Qu'Appelle Valley eastwards. A secondary but valuable use would be a hydro site which is estimated to develop 475 million kilowatt hours per year of badly-needed power.

The capital cost of the project was estimated in 1950 at just over $100 million: it's probably $125 million today.

The big trouble with rivers is that you can't monkey with their flow at one point—as in Saskatchewan—without affecting people both above and below the point. So Manitoba, which has schemes for diverting the lower Saskatchewan so as to provide a power site on the Dauphin River, and Alberta, which uses South Saskatchewan waters for irrigation already and may want some more, are very much concerned with the Saskatchewan project.

The Commission will have to be very sure what effect the proposed dam would have throughout the river basin.

It is also charged to make a very difficult calculation. It is to report "whether the economic and social returns to the *Canadian* people" (not the people of Saskatchewan) "would be commensurate with the cost"; and also whether this particular project is the "most profitable and desirable use" of the physical resources involved.

This is a gigantic enquiry, with some inspiring possibilities to dream of and some highly debatable practical questions to settle.

Provincial Politics

THE Federal Liberals were thoroughly embarrassed by the two provincial elections last November. They were ashamed of the way the Liberal campaign was fought in Ontario, and neither very surprised nor altogether sorry when Walter Thomson, the Provincial leader, got such a sound beating. Nor were they either surprised or sorry at Joe Smallwood's victory in Newfoundland; but they were a bit ashamed of him for calling the election when he did and the way he did.

Now the attention is on British Columbia and Quebec. In BC an open fight looms now that the coalition is broken. In Quebec, it seems here that for the first time Duplessis might be beatable.

There is a feeling that Duplessis' influence is very much on the wane, that his relations with the church are not what they were, and that many Quebeckers are tired of his particular form of government. But this feeling does not extend so far as confidence that the provincial Liberals under Lapalme can beat Duplessis.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

THE KING WILL BE NEARER

THE CROWN IN CANADA

by B. K. Sandwell

THE WORDS which Mr. Churchill uttered at Ottawa concerning the Crown have a special significance at a moment when Canada is about to depart from an old-established custom and ask for the appointment of one of her own citizens to serve as the resident representative of the Sovereign and the link between him and his Canadian subjects.

To those who feel no great concern about the maintenance of the monarchical system in Canada— who see no special value in that separation of pomp from power about which Mr. Churchill was eloquent—the change probably appears no more than a natural recognition of that complete national self-competence which Canada attained a generation ago. But to those of us to whom the Crown is, not a matter of traditional sentiment (or sentimental tradition), but a vital and essential element in the parliamentary machinery by which the Canadian people govern themselves, the change is one of tremendous import—a change which may bring new life and strength to the monarchical structure, or which may on the other hand weaken its foundations and hasten the completion of the process which has converted every other sovereignty in this hemisphere (except a few islands) into a republic.

I think it is not too much to say that whether the change will produce the first or the second of these results will depend largely on the character and wisdom and disposition of the first two or three Canadians to occupy the "palace" of Rideau Hall and the "throne" in the Senate Chamber of the Ottawa Parliament Buildings.

IF OUR Canadian Governors General desire the monarchy to survive in Canada, if they conceive it as their duty to do all in their power to strengthen it for survival, they can make an immense contribution to its prestige and influence. If, on the other hand, they take what I might describe as an "American" view of it —the rubber-stamp view which found its chief defender in the late J. W. Dafoe of the *Winnipeg Free Press* and which is still ardently maintained by that newspaper—they can easily bring about an attitude of mind in Canadians which will see no difference between the King's representative, and indeed the King himself so far as Canada is concerned, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court who performs the routine duties of the office when the Governor General is away from Ottawa. The natural inclination of people who have adopted that attitude is to ask: why bother with a representative of the Crown at all?

In determining which of these results is to ensue, everything will depend on the kind of relationship which develops between the Viceroy and the reigning monarch. The whole difficulty about the position of the Crown in Canada arises from the fact that the monarchy is hereditary, that the person of the monarch is the one thing that matters, and that the person of the monarch cannot in the nature of things be active and functioning in Canada for very much of the time. If Canadians get into the habit of thinking of the Governor General as the monarch, they will have gone a long way towards abolishing the monarchy so far as Canada is concerned; for the Governor Generalship is not and cannot be hereditary, is not and cannot be a post for which the occupant is trained almost from birth, is not and cannot be the sort of thing about which Mr. Churchill was talking when he followed Mr. St. Laurent's words about the Crown and asked to be allowed "to pass from the constitutional to the personal sphere."

"BESIDES the Crown," said Mr. Churchill, "there is the King. We have a truly beloved King. In constitutional duty he is faultless. In physical and moral courage he is an example to all his peoples. We are proud to pay him our tribute. This is no formal salute of loyalty, but the expression of our intense natural impulse." That is a kind of language which could not possibly be used about any Governor General, no matter how able, how devoted, how Canadian, how filled with physical and moral courage. The Governor General is not a King. One is not, and does not have to be, loyal to a Governor General. He is not anointed, he is not dedicated, he is not set apart.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

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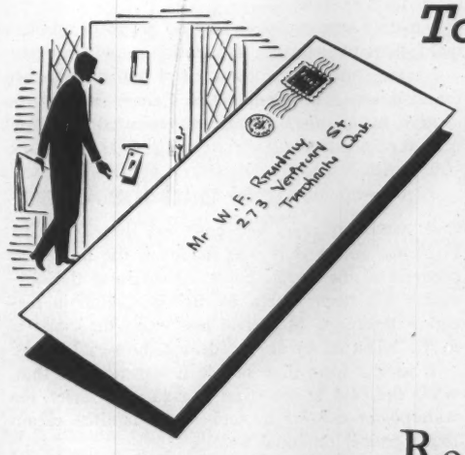
In Next Week's Issue . . .

CANADA SAYS "NO" TO NATO

—by Michael Barkway



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EDITORIALS

There Is Only One Winston Churchill

MR. CHURCHILL has come, conquered, and departed. There could never have been any doubt as to his welcome in Canada, since he perennially tops the poll of Canadians' greatest living heroes. And as for the stir created beforehand by a few Washington officials and correspondents about his not being welcome to the U.S. on this trip, it looked before he was through as if he could sweep the presidential election on either ticket!

Bismarck once said, as Mr. Churchill reminded Congress, that the greatest fact of the 19th Century was that the North Americans spoke English. We would venture to add that one of the great facts of the 20th Century is that Winston Churchill had an English father and an American mother, and is equally able to appeal to and inspire the English-speaking people of the Commonwealth and of the United States. Indeed, standing as a guest on the Congressional rostrum on an earlier occasion he modestly claimed that, had his *father* been American and his mother English, it was conceivable that he might have reached that chamber under his own steam.

As it is, he occupies a very special place in American esteem. The Americans love that touch of the buccaneer in him, his sly humor and his resounding oratory; they respect his bulldog tenacity and honor his predictions of things to come. And let no one think they did not appreciate the masterly touch with which he opened his speech by saying he had not come to ask for money!

His explanation of how Britain got into her present financial trouble—by accepting the huge sterling debts arising from the war—may be helpful to those who care to read it over, but doubtless his own presence was the strongest argument in his effort to convince them of Britain's "native and enduring strength" and value as a partner.

This great leader was not too proud to acknowledge that nowadays we all follow the leadership of the United States. Nor was he so humble as to apologize for the divergence of Britain's China policy from that of the U.S.—the most poisonous difference between them. Instead he pointed out that he had never agreed, during the war, with their misestimate of China as a great power and a great postwar friend of the U.S. Mr. Churchill was not out to win cheap applause, or he would never have attempted to praise Secretary of State Acheson in such an unappreciative forum, or declared in such downright fashion that Britain had no more intention of joining a European federation than of becoming the 49th state of the U.S.

On the Churchillian scale, this visit did not produce a great occasion. But by any ordinary measure it is an occasion just to have him among us.

Confusion on the Dikes

THE SIX municipalities which make up Greater Winnipeg were able to unite as one community to fight the flood of 1950. Now they seem unable to form a single organization to man the dikes and be ready to work the pumps in a future flood. In the six municipalities are 21 pumping stations all set to go but for months now there has been no agreement as to who should be responsible for seeing the pumps are kept ready and the dikes maintained.

In the end the job will probably be turned over to the Greater Winnipeg Sanitary Commission. The dispute, however, is a good example of the weakness in civic organization created by the rapid growth of cities beyond the limits of the parent municipality. The Winnipeg Flood threat is a special problem but nearly every large Canadian city faces a backlog of unsolved problems created by divided authority.

It is only human nature that no group of municipal fathers likes to sink its identity in civic merger. But some form of merged control will have to be found if urban development in Canada is ever to assume the planned orderliness essential to great centres of population.

'52 Model

Coal and the Coast

ONE HUNDRED years ago coal was mined first in Nanaimo and a start was made on the industrial progress of the Pacific coast. Attention to the centenary has been drawn by British Columbia historian Bruce A. McKelvie just when the coast is in the midst of an unprecedented industrial boom.

It took a long time before it was realized that, while the coal at the coast is a valuable asset, the waterpower existing in such vast quantities meant much greater potential wealth.

The British Columbia boom is described in an article in this issue by Stuart Keate, able young publisher of the *Victoria Times*. It is now obvious that the industrial picture of Canada is changing, that the industrial east will be balanced by an industrial west coast.

Through Red Eyes

CONSIDERING how difficult it is for us in the free countries to imagine how the world looks to Moscow's faithful communists, we should be more aware than we are of their difficulty in seeing the world through our eyes. Even in Western countries there are individuals who genuinely fear that the United States might in certain circumstances be responsible for starting a war. Canadians will be the last people to accept such fantastic nonsense, but Moscow may. We dare not assume that the rulers of the communist world understand, or begin to understand, what goes on in the democratic system. Hitler certainly did not. If he had been better informed about the attitudes of North America he might have been less rash than he was to the advantage of all of us. Moscow is likely to be less well-informed than Hitler was about the fundamental spirit of the West: any basic understanding is precluded by its own communist dogmas.

This lack of understanding ought to be recognized as one of the chief dangers of war. If the Russian rulers should become convinced—however wrongly—that the Americans intended to make war on them, they would almost inevitably try to get in the first blow. This would be one of the things—perhaps the only probable reason—which might drive them into a deliberate war with the West.

Unhappily, but quite naturally and properly, the Russians are unlikely to judge Western intentions from the statesmen's speeches. They are more likely to base their judgment on what they imagine to be the attitudes of the American people. And this being so there are a regrettably large number

of American publications which are all too likely to mislead the Kremlin. The recent issue of *Colliers* about war before 1960 seemed fantastic and laughable to us. But to people even in the friendly part of Western Europe it appeared somewhat sinister. In Moscow its effect could only be deplorable. More recently still the Associated Press has issued a map showing the ring of American air bases round Russia. It appeared in some Canadian papers. It was marked with silhouettes of big bombers heading for Moscow from all round the globe. Obviously the AP map did not tell Russia anything the Kremlin did not already know about American bases. But it would be a rare Russian who could have supposed that the AP was presenting these bases to its readers as purely defensive.

Obviously the press in the United States is doing its bare duty in informing people about the dangers of the world situation and the need for strength to deter Russian aggression. But it is something less than responsible when it presents the United States as waving a big stick at Moscow, when it has the air of gloating over the threat of atomic attack, when it forgets how easily American intentions can be misinterpreted behind the Iron Curtain. We would appeal for a little more understanding of Moscow's lack of understanding.

Abstinence and United Church

WE ARE NOT happy about the decision of United Church committees to ask all United Church members to sign a declaration of total abstinence from alcoholic beverages. The pledge which they will be asked to sign is not to use alcoholic drinks themselves nor to offer them to their friends. The intention is good. It is an attempt to combat the growing consumption of liquor in Canada, which is an evil causing concern to many people. In questioning the methods proposed by the United Church leaders we do not question their aims.

The thing which causes us concern is the apparent identification of the cause of total abstinence with the religious and evangelical mission of the United—or any other—Church. The aim of the Christian churches is to proclaim the gospel of Christ, and HIM Crucified. In Christian tradition from the earliest days until now the essentials of the Gospel are unchanged and unchangeable. To those essentials most of the Christian bodies—ranging from the Roman Catholic Church to the Salvation Army—have added accretions of one kind or another. These accretions often tend to increase the divisions of Christendom even more than differences about fundamental doctrine.

It is particularly regrettable therefore that fundamental Christian doctrine should be obscured or distorted by the interposition of "moral campaigns", however admirable, which are not and never have been of the substance of the Faith. Total abstinence never has been, and is not now, mandatory upon Christians. Even the Rev. W. G. Berry, of the United Church, expects only half the members to support his campaign.

Those who think with Mr. Berry are free to persuade individual Christians that total abstinence is their duty. They are not free, we think, to present it as a basic part of United Church doctrine obligatory upon all. To do this is to distort the true mission of the Church and to discourage many who can find no scriptural or moral warrant for preferring total abstinence to moderation.

An Outstanding Diplomat

THE HIGH Commissioners which Commonwealth countries send to each other have always been in an invidious position compared with the ambassadors or ministers-plenipotentiary of foreign countries. The strict diplomatic theory of protocol has been that an ambassador is accredited by the head of the state to the head of another state. Foreign ambassadors in London are accredited to the "Court of St. James." In Ottawa they present their "letters of credence" to the Governor-General, not to the Government of the day. But the United Kingdom High Commissioner in Ottawa and the Canadian High Commissioner in London are representing, not the King, but the Governments of the United Kingdom and Canada. The King, it has been argued, cannot appoint a High Commissioner to represent himself as king of one Commonweath country to himself as king of another.

—U.K.I.O.

Sir Alexander Clutterbuck

From this neat, if slightly mediaeval, argument it followed that Commonwealth High Commissioners, representing only Government, had to take precedence after all foreign diplomats representing heads of states. The Government of Canada has now thrown theory to the winds. By recognizing the present United Kingdom High Commissioner in Ottawa as Dean of the Diplomatic Corps it has taken the sensible, practical road and abolished the former discrimination between Commonwealth representatives and foreign diplomats.

When the Brazilian Ambassador leaves Ottawa shortly, Sir Alexander Clutterbuck will be the senior diplomat in Ottawa. He will be dean of the diplomatic corps, and the Canadian Government has already bestowed on him the ambassador's honorific title of "His Excellency."

If the dean of the diplomatic corps were chosen not by seniority but by the effectiveness of his work, Sir Alexander Clutterbuck would have been chosen long since. He has done an outstanding job in Ottawa, and he has made countless friends from one end of Canada to the other.

The personal popularity of Sir Alec and Lady Clutterbuck derives from the kind of people they are—simple, unaffectedly friendly, and completely without pretension. But the respect Sir Alec commands in everyone concerned with the Government reflects more exacting qualities—an absolute loyalty to the Government he represents coupled with a rare understanding of the things which make Canada Canadian, and a mind of such discernment and wisdom that his views on any political or economic subject are always heard with respect.

Canada Is Not for Sale

THERE seems to be some sort of cyclical law which determines the periodic appearance of American suggestions for annexing Canada. The suggestions nearly always come from those Americans who understand Canada least, and the less they understand of us the sillier their suggestions. An obscure Chicago Republican named Sheehan perpetrated the latest one, and achieved a new record in lack of understanding and in silliness. We wonder why, being so profoundly ignorant of Canada, he should even want to annex us: but we suspect that he isn't really interested in us at all but was merely seeking some original way to annoy the British. He is probably a little surprised to find that the British, having no "rights" in Canada to sell, are very much less annoyed or interested or concerned than Canada is.

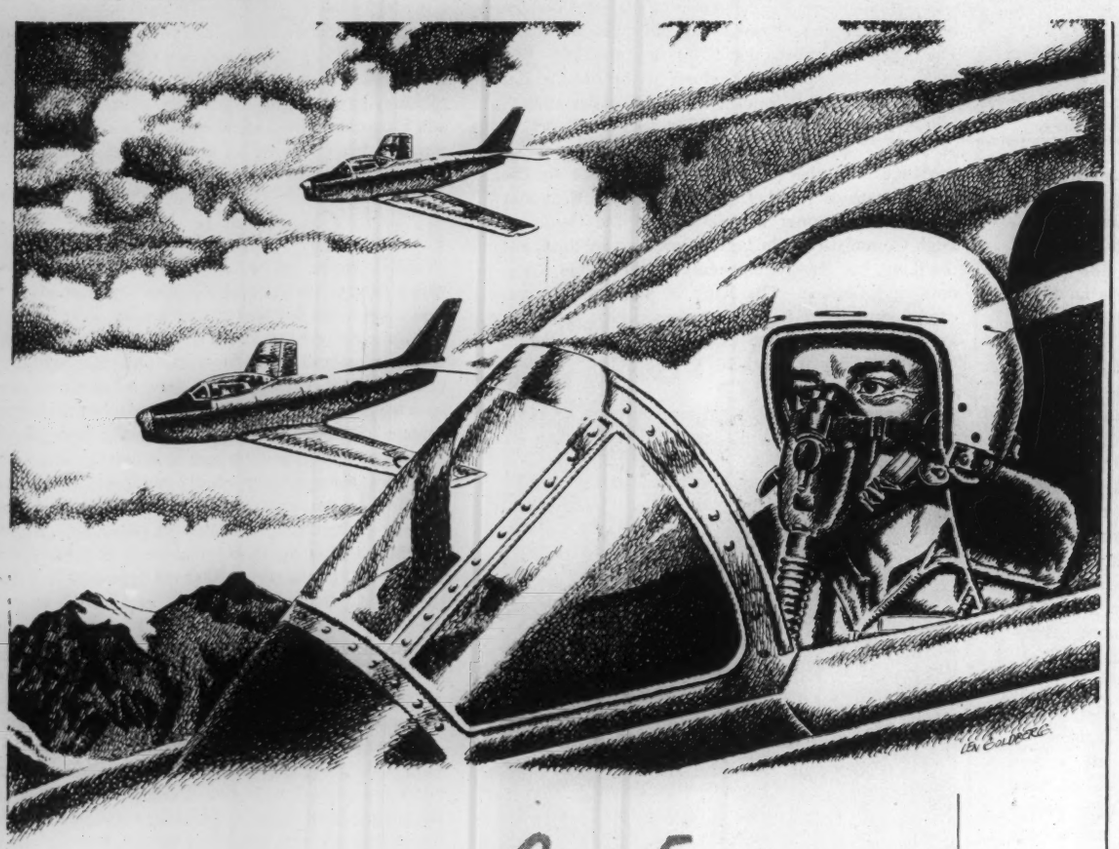
Representative Sheehan has, however, done us one useful service. Some Americans of greater wisdom and sympathy continue to believe that Canadians would be better off — and they are nearly always thinking in purely material terms — if Canada were united with the United States. If they have sometimes found it difficult to understand why Canadians are not interested in the prospect, they should find at least a glimmer of an answer as they contemplate the antics of Mr. Sheehan.

The Canadian system of Government is far from perfect; our standard of elected representatives could be improved. But there is not one Canadian in a million who wants to swap our governments for the American version of democracy. You, Mr. Sheehan, and your sort of American politician, are part of the reason why Canada does not want to be annexed by, or even united with, the United States.

More About Calendars

SOME of our calendar-producing friends are always late coming across with their calendars. (How do people in offices know what day it is between January 1, which is a holiday, and January 15, which is when a lot of the calendars turn up?) The Rolph-Clark-Stone exhibit is always an outstanding example of Canadian artistry, and this year we cannot refrain from a supplementary note to our calendar awards of a short time ago, to express our great admiration of its over-all design of two picture frames in two tones of grey, and of J. D. Kelly's dramatic painting of the two Indians watching the approach of the first ship on Lake Erie. Mr. Kelly, who will be 90 by the end of this year, is probably the most highly skilled calendar artist in Canada, but he usually leans a little to the sentimental, doubtless in deference to the tastes of calendar clients. Rolph-Clark-Stone seem to have told him to go ahead and enjoy himself and for once to be as artistic as he likes.

The *Montreal Gazette* turned up late with a fine coast scene in County Galway, by the Belfast artist Maurice Wilks, admirably reproduced. We think we detect in the selection of this masterpiece the fine (but not Italian) hand of John Bassett Sr. The artist's work has been described as "the perfect revelation of the spirit of Ireland." We have also received a notable addition to the "foreign" section of our collection in a set of thirteen Swiss landscape photographs in four color from Garlick Films.



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SATURDAY NIGHT

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EDITORS REPORT

■ Our soldiers in Korea are supposed to miss the recreational services that World War II boys enjoyed. But Peter Inglis, Press Gallery man for Southam Newspapers, thinks differently. Just back from Korea front lines and rear areas as a member of Defence Minister Claxton's party, Inglis reports in next week's issue, puts his finger on a more fundamental gripe. The soldiers feel they are a small unit swallowed up by the American Army; that they are losing their Canadian identity.

■ SCOTT YOUNG, wishing he had four lives in the next issue, has been enjoying a facsimile of two this winter: as a scholar at his home in sunny and chilly Omemee, Ont., and as a free-lancer in sunny and warm Florida. When Young was troubled about "keeping my Commie friend" some issues back, scores of readers sent in advice for him. A score of others will probably be agreeing or disagreeing with his favorite pipe-dream.

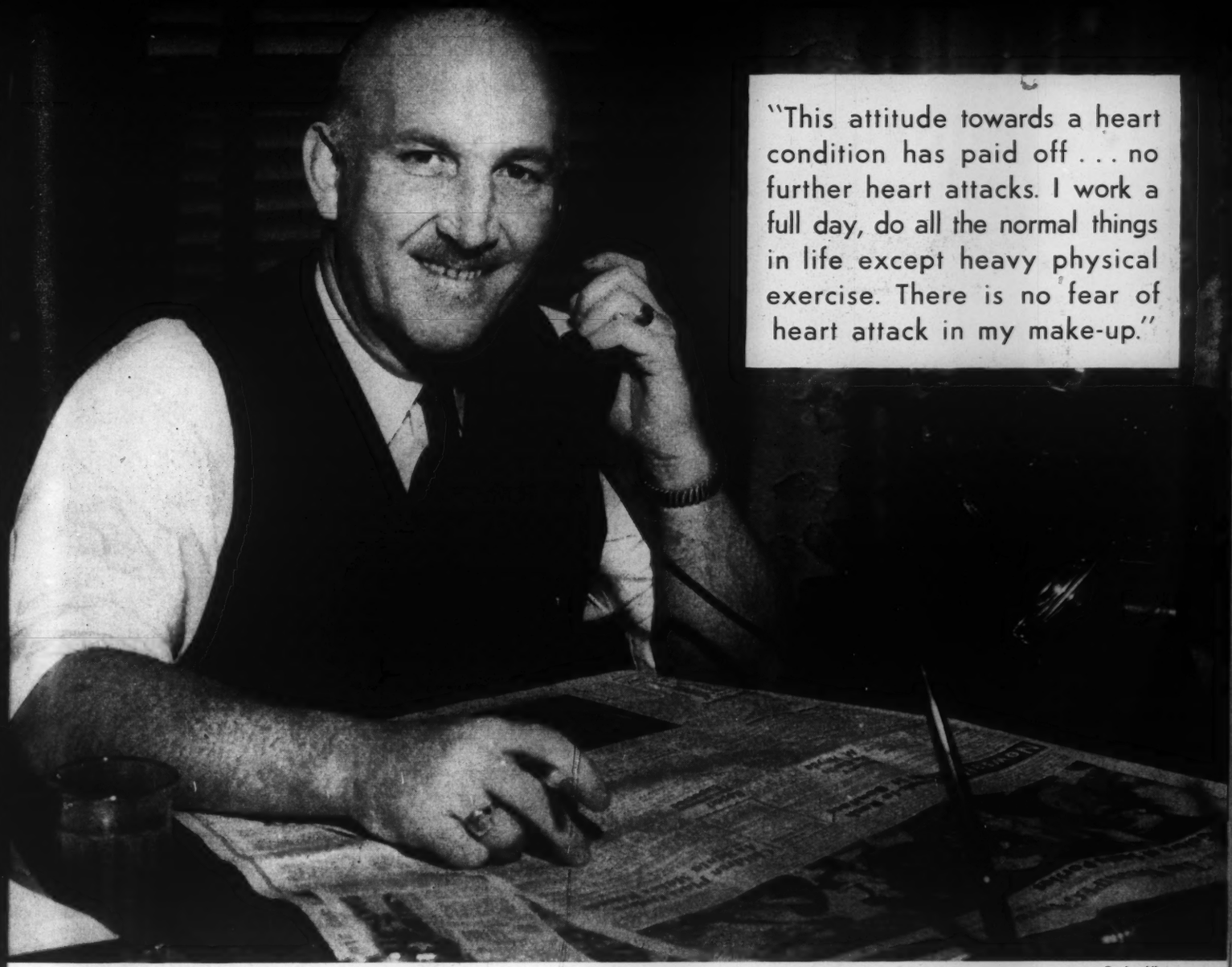
■ Michael Barkway is a particularly busy editor during January and February. He is on a speaking tour of Canadian Clubs in Ontario, makes regular flying trips back to Ottawa.

■ When the Crerars recently gave a Crosswords clue for Ettore Mazzoleni, Brain-Teaser fans rang the Royal Conservatory principal's phone all morning to find out spelling of his name. There is no half-way about being a Brain-Teaser fan: either you aren't one or you never miss trying a single puzzle. Many readers tell us they work out puzzles in collaboration. Collaboration is also a large part of the fun which the Crerars derive from contriving Brain-Teasers. For several years they compiled similar puzzles every week with no idea of publication; merely sent them around to interested friends.

Dorothy Crerar is a native of Galt, Ont.; Louis Crerar was born in England. He is a pianist with the concert trio at the Royal York Hotel. They have two young sons. Both of the Crerars are keenly interested in the progress of the arts in Canada which accounts for the subject matter of a good many of their clues (watch for the Feb. 23 issue puzzle.)

■ GORDON MCCAFFREY, ex-staff member of SATURDAY NIGHT, recently returned to Canada after a hitch at Reuters and BBC. He reports that Canada House has a time replacing copies of SATURDAY NIGHT in the reading room. Visitors have a habit of taking them away.

■ WILLSON WOODSIDE's five children and wife switched radio dials last week and kept getting Mr. Woodside. He was on the two CBC networks at the same time; by recording on the Court of Opinion show and in the flesh on the National News Roundup.



"This attitude towards a heart condition has paid off . . . no further heart attacks. I work a full day, do all the normal things in life except heavy physical exercise. There is no fear of heart attack in my make-up."

—Gordon Aikman

A SECOND LIFETIME

I ENJOY A BAD HEART

by Carlyle Allison

IT IS FOUR YEARS now since—as I put it—the lightning struck me. And that is a fairly literal way of describing a heart attack, sans warning.

I certainly would not want to repeat the first four months of that experience, but I can say truthfully now that I am enjoying a heart condition, aftermath of a coronary thrombosis. I do not mean that I am a hypochondriac "enjoying poor health." On the contrary, I have learned with a mixture of philosophy, religion and good humor to accept my new "climate," and continue with gusto my job as a daily newspaper editor.

And this is a condition which thousands of other heart cases can attain, provided they are back in circulation. Even for those who are immobilized there are some comforts, right down to the "cold comfort" variety such as "misery loves company." Medical and insurance statistics prove that our numbers are legion.

But my story is meant more for those who are now on the mend, those whose friends tell them: "You'll probably live to be a hundred!" "You've had the best warning anybody could have." "Why, that little heart attack is as good or better than another $10,000 in life insurance!"

All of us have at least one friend who quips, "You'll live to be a pallbearer at my funeral." But I always tell that type of wellwisher that I may be an honorary pallbearer but not an active one. My days of lifting, and pulling, and shoving are over, for a time at least.

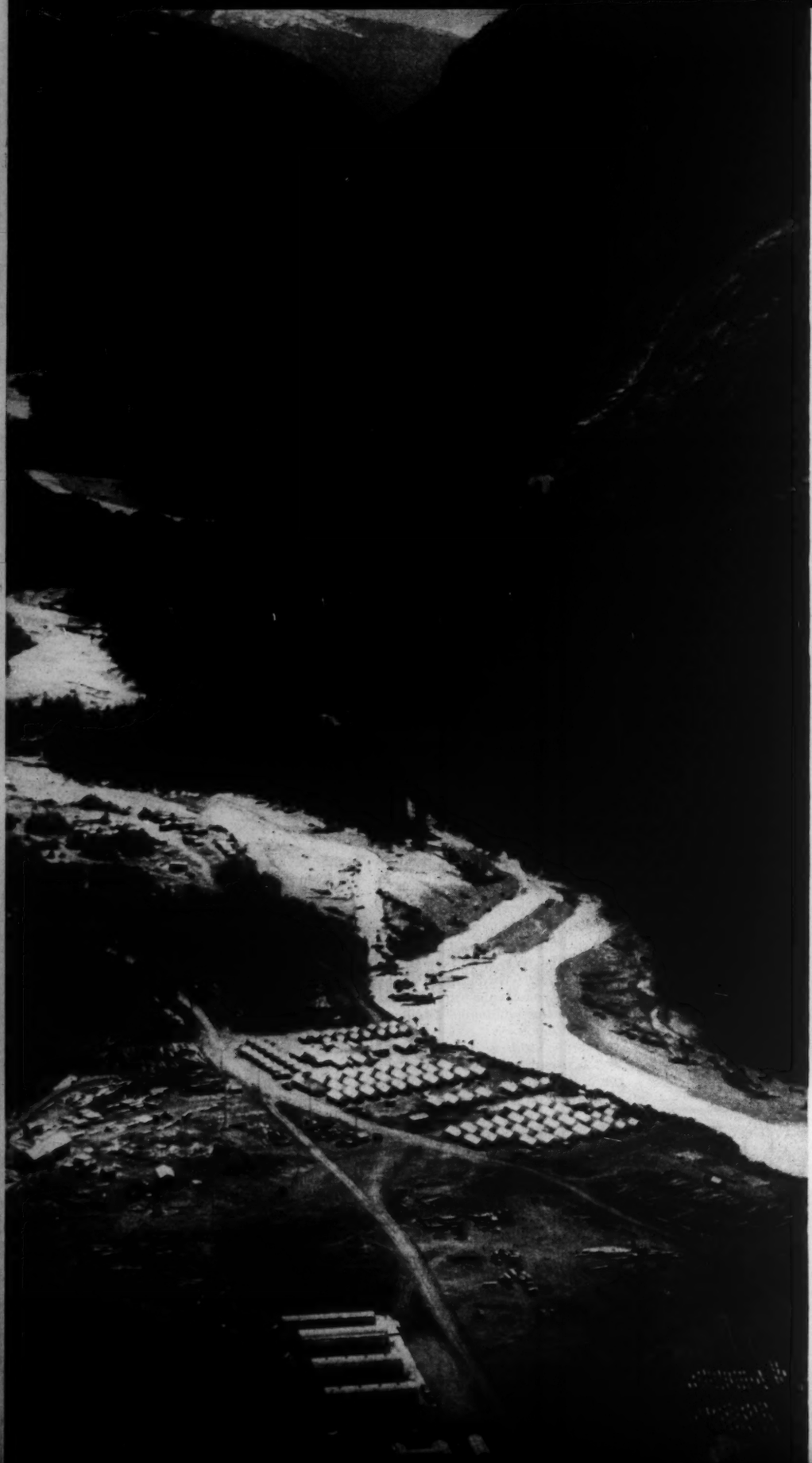
Perhaps the best place to begin this story is with the episode which first made me really aware of my new-found blessings. It was in the late fall when I was recuperating after a summer of hospitalization. To top off my convalescence, my wife and I were invited to my brother's summer home at the lake where I had spent most of my boyhood holidays.

I must be careful walking up the gradual slope to the cottage. No, I could not go swimming. The advice came from my brother, not in his capacity as elder brother but rather in that of heart specialist. For he is that kind of a doctor. That, you see, was my first stroke of good luck, developing an ailment

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

CARLYLE ALLISON *is Editor-in-Chief of* The Winnipeg Tribune.

BILLION DOLLAR BOOM IN BC



by Stuart Keate

Publisher, *The Victoria Daily Times*

1952 will see giant strides taken along the road to the billion dollar boom which has already made British Columbia one of the most coveted markets in the world. Big money, put to work in unopened territory, makes more of nature's blue chip endowments . . .

THEY'RE telling a story in British Columbia these days about an old Cariboo rancher who was asked what he thought of the province's current industrial boom.

"Waal," he drawled, "I'll tell ye. Puts me in mind of a piece I saw in the noospapers: sed that womens' hem-lines wuz growin' shorter and their neck-lines wuz growin' longer.

"I dunno where it's all leadin'—but I shore as heck want to be there when it arrives!"

That story, which should be true if it isn't, pretty well sums up the views of all British Columbians, from the not-so-humble laborer to the affable businessman who heads up the Pacific Coast province, Premier Byron ("Boss") Johnson.

"It's so staggering it knocks you out," he smiled in his office the other day. "Gee—I had no idea when I took over it was going to be this big!"

It is gradually dawning on the 1,165,000 lucky people who inhabit BC's 366,000 square miles that they are the inheritors of one of the richest pieces of real estate in North America, if not the world. In the past, they have built up a good standard of living on lumber, salmon, apples, base metals, newsprint and agriculture. Now they can add aluminum and oil—with every indication that natural gas, steel and asbestos will follow in short order.

Add these blue-chip endowments of nature to one of the world's more genial climates, an abundance of wild-life and matchless recreational playgrounds—and British Columbians may be forgiven for asserting that they live in "God's pocket."

The year 1952 will see giant strides taken along the road to the billion-dollar boom which has made BC, almost overnight, one of the most coveted markets in the world.

← POWERHOUSE site in Kemano River valley.

RIVER MOVERS: Opening diversion tunnel at the Nechako damsite last October.

HARD WORK, big appetites. Dinnertime at the Kemano powerhouse site.

This is the year which will see the completion (in June) of the $10 million PGE railway extension from Quesnel to Prince George, opening up the rich lumber, cattle and farming markets of north central BC and providing a direct link with the CNR, west to the port of Prince Rupert and east to Edmonton.

This is the year which will see the closing (in early summer) of the last gap in the John Hart highway, which rolls through 750 miles of breath-taking scenery, bisecting the province and stitching the lower mainland into the Alaska Highway at Dawson Creek.

This is the year which will see Alcan high-balling ahead on its immense, $160 million aluminum and hydro-electric project in the Kemano-Kitimat area, 400 miles north of Vancouver.

This is the year which will see the opening (also, in early summer) of the only *new* newsprint mill in Canada for a decade—the $40 million Elk Falls Co. plant at Duncan Bay, 160 miles north of Victoria.

This is the year which will see the start of the $83 million oil pipeline from Edmonton to Vancouver; the further development of Consolidated Mining and Smelting's $65 million projects in the Kootenays; the projection of the BC Electric's five-year, $118 million power development program; the beginning of the $65 million kraft and newsprint project of Celanese Corporation's Celgar Development Co. Ltd. at Castlegar, in the Arrow Lakes district.

Add all these to the dozens of lesser projects—plant extensions in pulp and paper, plywood, power, transportation and chemicals—and you have an outlay of something like $1 billion.

And, to cap it all, at year's end came the announcement that the $94 million U.S. Steel Co. had moved into British Columbia, establishing an office in Vancouver. This was a New Year's Day bon-bon of far-reaching significance to the Province, which has long needed heavy industry.

"It's terrific, isn't it?" grins Premier Johnson. And his enthusiasm for this galumphing prosperity has caused his Coalition winger, Finance Minister Herbert Anscomb, publicly to predict that British Columbia is now "depression-proof."

Most dramatic of the new projects, of course, is the glittering aluminum and hydro empire now arising in the snow-capped mountain areas south of Prince Rupert. Since last February, money has been poured into the area at the rate of $1 million a week; by December, estimated expenditure was near $40 million.

IN RECENT WEEKS — until a devastating, 20-foot snowfall impeded work temporarily—some 3,500 men have been employed.

One of them, a young immigrant Dutchman, came down to Victoria for the Christmas holidays. A native asked him how he was getting along.

"Wonderfully," he enthused. "This Canada is the greatest country I've ever seen."

"Is there anything I can do for you?" the Victorian asked, solicitously.

"Well, yes," the young man confessed. "I have a check here I'd like to cash but I don't know anybody in town. Maybe you could identify me."

The Victorian looked at the check. It was for $458.

"But you've only been out here since September," he remarked. "Surely you haven't saved that much in such a short time?"

The young Dutchman smiled. "That's not my savings," he said. "That's my pay-check for the past two weeks."

Lest this statement be misconstrued, and rails and planes immediately jammed with get-rich-quick boys, let it be added with untimely haste that the young Hollander—like Dutchmen almost everywhere—had been willing to work Sundays, holidays and overtime to amass his stake. But he was grateful for the opportunity.

The first, $160 million stage of Operation Kitimat will be completed, and the plant in production, by 1954. By that time, or shortly thereafter, there should be a town in the area as big as Arvida (pop: 12,000). First annual production is projected at 83,000 tons of aluminum a year and an installed horsepower of 420,000.

Under the terms of its deal with the BC Government, Alcan must develop 750,000 horsepower by 1983. (It has been said that this figure will be reached within this decade.) The ultimate development is projected at 1,600,000 h.p., with a city of approximately 50,000, but Alcan officials cautiously describe this as "an eventuality."

Already there have been some minor rumblings in BC to the effect that BC has "given away" a fair hunk of its birthright to the Aluminum colossus.

Premier Johnson scoffs at this notion. "We just haven't got the money for a deal like this," he says. "Alcan is creating real wealth here. Indirectly, BC will benefit tremendously. And what's more—it's going to keep our young people in the province."

ACTUALLY, the terms of the lease are worked out on a complicated schedule of water rights usage to price and production. Alcan pays the province a basic $20,000 yearly rental. It has also contracted to spend $40,000 a year in surveys. Based on 18-cent aluminum, the water is paid for at 30 cents per horsepower, with a minimum guaranteed of 25 cents per horsepower.

In other words, when the development reaches its ultimate 1,600,000 h.p., the province will be paid $400,000 annually. Estimates have been made that early returns to BC will

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

MACHINE THAT KNOWS THE ANSWERS

by Hal Tracey

New "electronic brain" gobbles up problems that prove stumbling blocks to researchers.

A MACHINE being built by a group of young scientists at the University of Toronto may affect the life of every man, woman and child in Canada. It is the first large-scale electronic computer—called by some an "electronic brain"—ever to be built in this country.

It is hoped by its builders that it will enlarge the scope of the problems that can be tackled by Canadian scientists and engineers, industrialists and economists—anyone who has a problem that can be reduced to mathematical terms and fed to the machine.

It will also provide an important link in Canada's defence; so important that the Defence Research Board has earmarked a $300,000 capital grant for the project. In addition, the Board pays jointly with the National Research Council a $50,000 annual operating grant to the Computation Centre building the machine.

A "somewhat overgrown" pilot model of the machine has already been built, and is now being tested. It is expected that it will be handling problems in about six months.

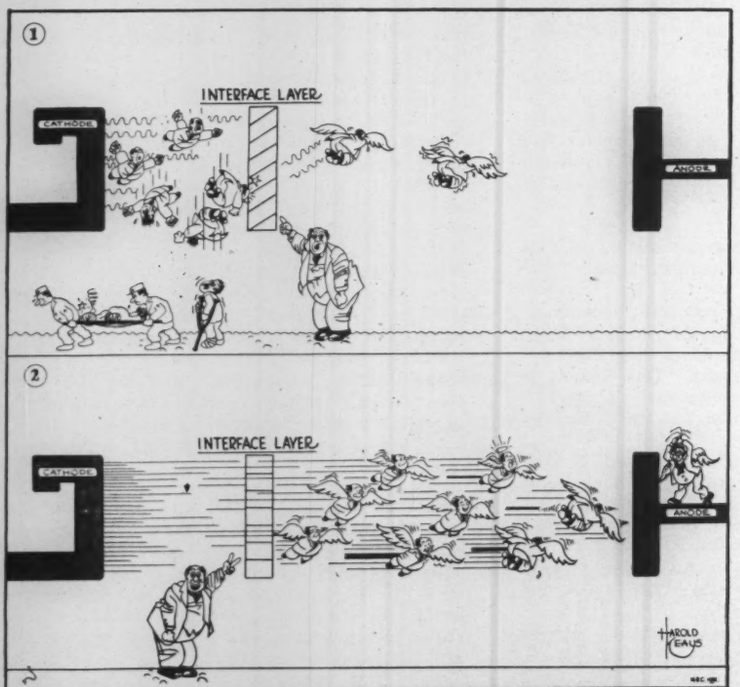
In charge of the Computation Centre is Dr. C. C. Gotlieb. On the staff are mathematicians, physicists and engineers. Their chief task is to build the big new computer. But in addition, says Dr. Gotlieb, they now tackle problems for industry on a cost basis, for their own and other Canadian universities, government departments, and other non-profit organizations free of charge. The Centre is now equipped with an installation of International Business Machines.

Some of the problems handled are merely routine ones that would involve long hours of tedious work by a human agency, but which are easy meat for the machines. Others are more complex and unusual.

It is nests of interlocking figures that are limiting factors in Canadian scientific and industrial research today, says Dr. Gotlieb. He thinks that promising lines of research involving mathematical difficulties insurmountable by present calculating methods can and will be followed through to conclusion once the full-scale electronic computer is in operation.

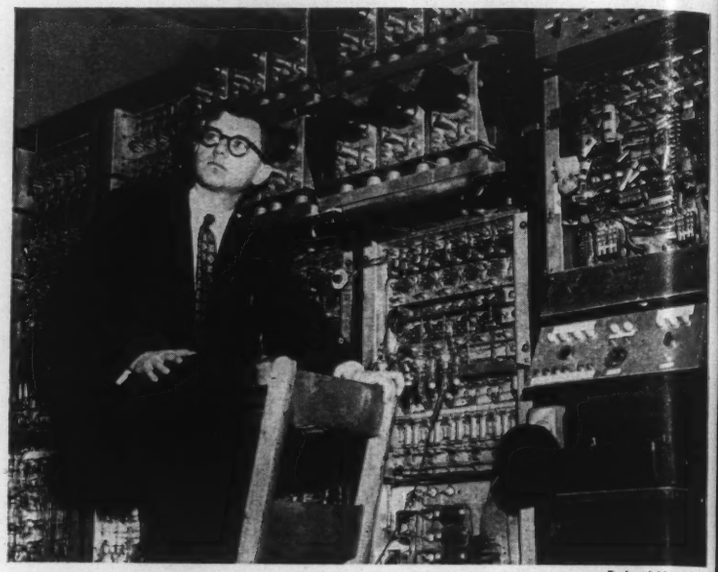
WHEN the computer is finished, one of the big difficulties will be finding enough material to keep it going. Modern computers are getting faster, and those now in the planning stage will operate at a maximum of about 500 man-hours per man-hour.

An electronic computer will be a bear for work, voraciously devouring problems and turning out answers. So the more questions it is asked, says Dr. Gotlieb, the better.



—National Research Council

ELECTRONIC tubes need a "waking up" period, like humans. During idleness, high resistance builds up between cathode and anode, which many electrons are unable to penetrate. Tube awakens fully after operating for a short time.



—Federal Newsphoto

INTRICATE maze of wiring and tubes behind Dr. C. C. Gotlieb, acting as director of the Computation Centre, shows complexity of the working pilot model.

If the big computer were in operation now, Dr. Gotlieb has doubts as to whether it could be kept busy enough. But in two and a half years, he thinks, there may be a big enough backlog of problems to give it something to work on. Naturally, it won't work at maximum speed at first. Operators will have to learn how to use it efficiently to get the most out of it. That is one of the reasons for the test model, to train people how to use efficiently the bigger machine to come.

The other reason was to teach Dr. Gotlieb and his associates how to build the bigger machine economically. The pilot model cost $100,000. The new one, to be about six times as big, will cost about $300,000, Dr. Gotlieb estimates. The pilot model uses 900 vacuum tubes, and is a maze of wires and flashing lights. Construction was varied in different parts of the machine, to experiment with different building techniques.

PERHAPS the simplest explanation of how electronic calculators work is that offered by International Business Machines Corporation. IBM electronic calculators have an input system where each card is "read" by an electrified wire brush. When this brush feels the hole punched in the cards, electronic impulses record the information, and the tubes are set to work by the computing units.

A sequence control directs the automatic calculations, telling the machine what to do, when to do it, where to get the information and what to do with the results. Intermediate results which have to be used later on to solve the problems are stored in a "memory" unit until they are needed. An output system gives the final solution to the problem in punched card form.

The new U of T computer will have three kinds of "memory": a small, fast memory working by means of 40 cathode ray tubes (20 in the smaller test model); an intermediate memory working through electric impulses flashing through an electro-magnet, printing a dot of magnetism on a revolving cylinder; and a slow tape system.

The fast "memory" will recall a thousand 12-decimal digit numbers, to which access is had in 50 millionths of a second. The intermediate "memory" can recall about 8,000 numbers with an access time which can fall between two and 20 milliseconds.

THE MACHINE will work on the binary system, using only the symbols 1 and 0. It can be ordered once to change conventional numbers to the binary system when they are fed into the machine, and back to the conventional system when the answer comes out. After being ordered to do this once, it will always do so.

The computer, like modern fighter and bomber planes, may be obsolescent by the time it is completed. That is how fast things are moving in the field of electronics. But Dr. Gotlieb thinks it will serve Canada for at least five, perhaps another ten years.

Key members working on the machine in addition to Dr. Gotlieb, are Dr. A. G. Ratz, an engineer, and Dr. Josef Kates, a physicist; Dr. H. Gellman and Dr. J. H. Chung, both mathematicians. Dr. Kates and Dr. Ratz did most of the actual building.

A human weakness to which electronic devices fall prey is known as "sleeping sickness," although P. A.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

WORLD AFFAIRS

NO TURNING BACK FOR EUROPE

by Willson Woodside

MANY DOUBTS were expressed, in Bonn as well as in other Western capitals, as to whether the West German Bundestag would ratify the Schuman Plan for pooling Europe's coal and steel production. When the vote was taken, ten days ago, it was 232 to 143, as surprising to all concerned as the large French majority had been a month before (377 to 233). For all the partisan arguments and petty fears, the urge towards unity was too powerful, among the legislators as among their peoples, to be checked.

The same mood is sweeping the European Army plan along towards final realization, over French fears and political weakness, Benelux objections and German demands for complete equality. In cold type, neither plan is quite what it started out to be. It might be complained that the supranational features have been watered down. But that is to assume that the nations would and could make the whole leap at once; it is more practical to look at the step they have taken than the one they have yet to take. The main point is that things are moving, and in the right direction.

Perhaps there are Germans who were ready to join the Schuman Plan because they were confident that German hard work and technical and managerial ability would ensure them the ultimate leadership of the whole scheme. But, even supposing that this should be the case, is this not the right sort of outlet for the admittedly great German abilities, preferable to having them perverted to military domination?

But will not German military domination be secured in much the same way, through the European Army? There is a very real danger of this, admittedly. Those who wish the best for France have been forced, once again, to scale down their hopes of her recovery of vitality and leadership in the past two years.

FRENCHMEN have produced the ideas and plans for unifying Europe, but they have lacked the vitality to assert perhaps their last opportunity to make themselves the leaders of the Continent. It is the Germans who have shown the vitality—and therein lies the warning; but so far they have been content to accept French ideas.

No doubt many will fear, reading headlines about the armored divisions and the air force which Germany is to have under the European Army plan, that history is being repeated and dragon's teeth are being sown. Yet if the rearming of Germany is a conspiracy, it is the most open one in all history; while if it is a mistake, it is one that is being made by no one man but by almost all the leaders of Europe, after more than a year of debate and questioning.

For if German strength is the danger, it is also the chief reason why she is needed in the European Army. Our military men prouounced their judgment that Europe couldn't be held without a German contribution, and the political leaders then went to work to build a framework which would safely contain this German contribution.

The framework, which has now finally emerged from a year of almost unbroken conference among the six powers concerned (France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Netherlands and Luxembourg) doesn't look much like the original architect's drawing. It will be recalled that Pleven's original proposal stipulated that the largest national unit should be a brigade or combat team, that the Germans should have no general staff or defence ministry of their own, and that the whole should be under the control of a European Minister of Defence and a European assembly.

What he was requiring was really the setting up of a European federal institution before the setting up of the European Army. When it came to the showdown, at Strasbourg in early December, the Italians and many of the French and German delegates would have plunged into federation but the Benelux countries held back, and of course Britain would have none of it.

So they have settled for a *con*federate set-up, under which each nation will recruit and train its troops and spend most of its own defence budget on maintaining and arming them, but will then place them under the control of a European Defence Commission, which can station the field units in the territory of any member.

This European Defence Commission will also have a defence budget of its own to spend—being the left-over part of the various national budgets; the difficulties in transferring funds dictate such a compromise. The Commission, and hence the European Army, will be supervised by a Council of Foreign Ministers.

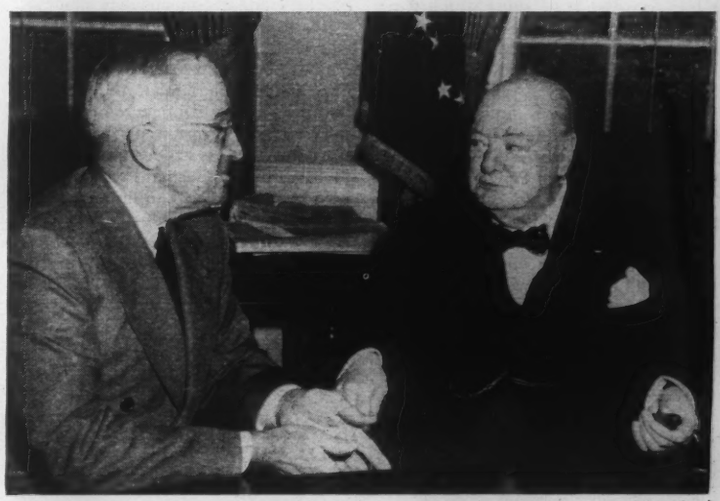
Here, without a Stalin scowling on the one side and an Eisenhower coaxing on the other, the whole project might quietly expire: because the rule of unanimity is to apply in the Council. This threat of paralysis through the veto threw gloom into the conferees at Strasbourg, until Schuman philosophically reminded them that all of their national coalition cabinets had to work within the area of agreement between the parties, as did the British Commonwealth of Nations.

The real hope for the European Army lies, therefore, not in its present imperfect constitution, but in the spirit which has brought it into being and which will drive it on to build the institutions of a common assembly with powers over a defence board, which have been mapped out in the latest meetings. And the real assurance against the dominance of Europe by a rearmed Germany lies in the subordination of the European Army to the NATO supreme commander. When Germany joins the European Army, she will, in a sense, be entering NATO by the back door, and within NATO she will be balanced not merely by France and Italy but by Britain, the United States and Canada.

The final steps necessary to prepare a German contingent will probably be speeded up, now that the Germans have signalled their acceptance of the European Army plan by announcing publicly that selective service will begin soon.

They have always insisted that they could only join in the defence of Europe under conditions of full equality. But while this is a necessary political slogan to the often hard-pressed Bonn Government, Adenauer and his colleagues know perfectly well that, since a full peace treaty cannot be written without the Soviets (or, it seems, with the Soviets), they have to accept the new "contractual agreement" as the best substitute for a treaty, and continued Allied occupation under a new name.

It isn't so much the form that is being changed, as the spirit. Actually, we will have more troops than before in Germany, and hence physical control of that country for the time being if we should need to exert it. But now



—International

THE VISIT is pronounced successful: Mr. Churchill got his steel, accepted an American admiral for NATO, shifted Britain's position on China, and put out a feeler for a U.S. token force at Suez. Senator Taft has come out against this.

—International

WORLD'S BIGGEST ELECTION is being held in India, where 175 million will vote over period of weeks. Here Mrs. Pandit, sister of Nehru and former Indian Ambassador to the U.S., campaigns for Congress Party. It is far ahead to date, but Socialists and Communists have won many seats in larger centres.

—International and Miller

GOOD GERMANS to the fore: Allied policy is to encourage and support them. Left, (with General Marshall), Mayor Ernest Reuter of Berlin, who has made that city a bastion of free Europe. He is a Social Democrat, but not in line to succeed ailing, fanatic Kurt Schumacher. Right: Out of the past steps former Chancellor Bruening, returning from Harvard to lecture at University of Cologne.

we are to be there as partners in defence. And the large sums which the Germans have been paying as "occupation costs" are to be diverted to paying for their own contribution to the common defence.

This contribution is to be substantial. As presently projected, it calls for three armored or panzer divisions with 300 tanks each, three Panzergrenadier divisions with 150 tanks each, and six motorized divisions with 70 tanks each —a very high quality force when it is ready. There is also to be an air force of some 75,000 men, with 1,500 tactical planes—*i.e.*, fighters, fighter-bombers and reconnaissance planes.

There has been barely a whisper as yet of the possibility of the Germans making their own arms for this force. The assumption is that they will be outfitted, like most other NATO forces in Western Europe, with U.S. arms. Certainly there is no disposition as yet to think of the Germans making their own planes; and it is an important fact that their airplane industry was completely dismantled after the war.

But with their noted ability in tank design and manufacture, plus their large steel capacity, which is due for a big expansion from its present 15 million tons a year to 18 or 20 million tons within the next three years, it will be strange if tanks for the European Army are not made in Germany — providing that her political development remains encouraging.

In their present unmilitaristic mood, and with the cost of modern arms, the Germans are not clamoring for mass production of tanks and planes. Indeed, after complaining for years of the burden of occupation costs, many Germans have been extremely reluctant to take on a heavy defence budget of their own.

However, we can expect that they will go at the task with their customary organizing efficiency and an ability in military affairs second to none in the world—in case anyone has forgotten. Lest this dismay some people — who may not think it inconsistent to complain that the other nations in NATO don't show these desired qualities—let it be said over and over again that the answer to the German menace is to grapple Germany to us, to integrate her in Western Europe, and even more important, in NATO, where she can be balanced by Britain and the U.S.

LONDON LETTER

ONE FOR MOSSADEGH

by P.O'D.

OVER ON THE KENTISH shore where the Thames and Medway meet, there is a marshy area known as the Isle of Grain. It is a part of the country where you can have as many isles as you like, for there are watercourses everywhere. Two years ago this Isle of Grain was little more than a swamp. Now on the deep-water edge of it is rising a great modern oil refinery. When completed—in another two years, it is hoped—it will handle about 4,000,000 tons of crude a year from the Middle East, most of it from Kuwait on the Persian Gulf.

The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company is thus losing no time in trying to make good the loss of Abadan and Persian oil. Already some of the units of the new refinery are nearing completion and should be in operation next summer. The total cost of the project is estimated at about £40,000,000. It will be a very important addition to the rapidly increasing oil refinery resources of this country. Dr. Mossadegh would do well to pay heed.

Just Bully Beef

ONE OF THE THINGS the Conservatives promised during their election campaign was that, at the earliest possible moment, they would restore the buying of food to the private traders of the country, and so make use of their expert knowledge, their special connections, and their enterprise. But apparently the earliest possible moment is not to be so very early after all.

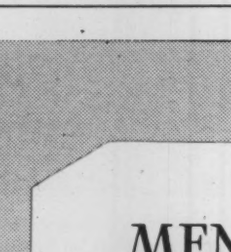
In the meantime reports from Argentina indicate that that country will probably not be able to fulfill its meat contracts with Britain. These contracts called for 200,000 tons in the twelve months ending next April, but deliveries seem likely to fall short by 50,000 tons or more. Attempts are to be made to fill the gap with corned beef, which is good, filling stuff. But the public is showing no enthusiasm.

Lord Muff!

OF THE FOUR new viscounts in the New Year Honors two have already announced their titles. Mr. Brendan Bracken and Mr. R. S. Hudson are to be called—yes, you guessed right the very first time, or should have—Lord Bracken and Lord Hudson. Sir John Anderson and Sir Archibald Sinclair are still to be heard from, but it would occasion no surprise if they were to announce themselves as Lord Anderson and Lord Sinclair—unless of course they should be stymied by gentlemen already possessing those titles.

Once upon a time noblemen, new as well as old, took their titles from their lands. Lord Derby belonged to Derby just as Lord Tavistock, for instance, belonged to Devon. But the fashion now, when so few of the new nobles have any lands to draw on, is simply to stick the handle in front of their own name. Sensible enough, even though not in accordance with tradition. But sometimes of course there are understandable hesitations, as in the case of the Socialist Mr. George Muff, who became Lord Calverley.

MEN WHO THINK OF
TOMORROW PRACTICE
MODERATION
TODAY



THE HOUSE OF
SEAGRAM

WASHINGTON LETTER

GOVERNMENT BY AMATEURS

by Alastair Buchan

Washington.

FOR the first 145 years of its history, up to the time of the New Deal, the U.S. Government neither had nor needed a large professional civil service. The activity of the Federal Government was strictly limited by public opinion to the administration of justice, defence and foreign relations.

Even when, under Franklin Roosevelt, it assumed vastly increased powers over the economic activity of the country, the new departments and agencies were for the most part staffed with enthusiastic amateurs from the universities and law schools who came to Washington and accepted low pay and indifferent conditions of service from a sense of public duty.

The further enormous expansion in government which took place during the war was based, in the senior appointments, upon the services of able lawyers, bankers and industrialists who felt it their duty to serve in a national emergency.

Both in the State Department and in the Department of Defence, the two key departments, the top officials are almost all highly-principled men from the universities, from law practice, from finance, industry or journalism. Secretary of State Dean Acheson, a successful Washington lawyer, Secretary of Defence Robert Lovett, a wealthy New York investment banker, are of this type. Likewise, Paul Hoffman, the original head of the Marshall Plan, who was head of the Studebaker Corporation, and Thomas Finletter, Secretary for Air, who was a New York lawyer; and the list could be extended indefinitely.

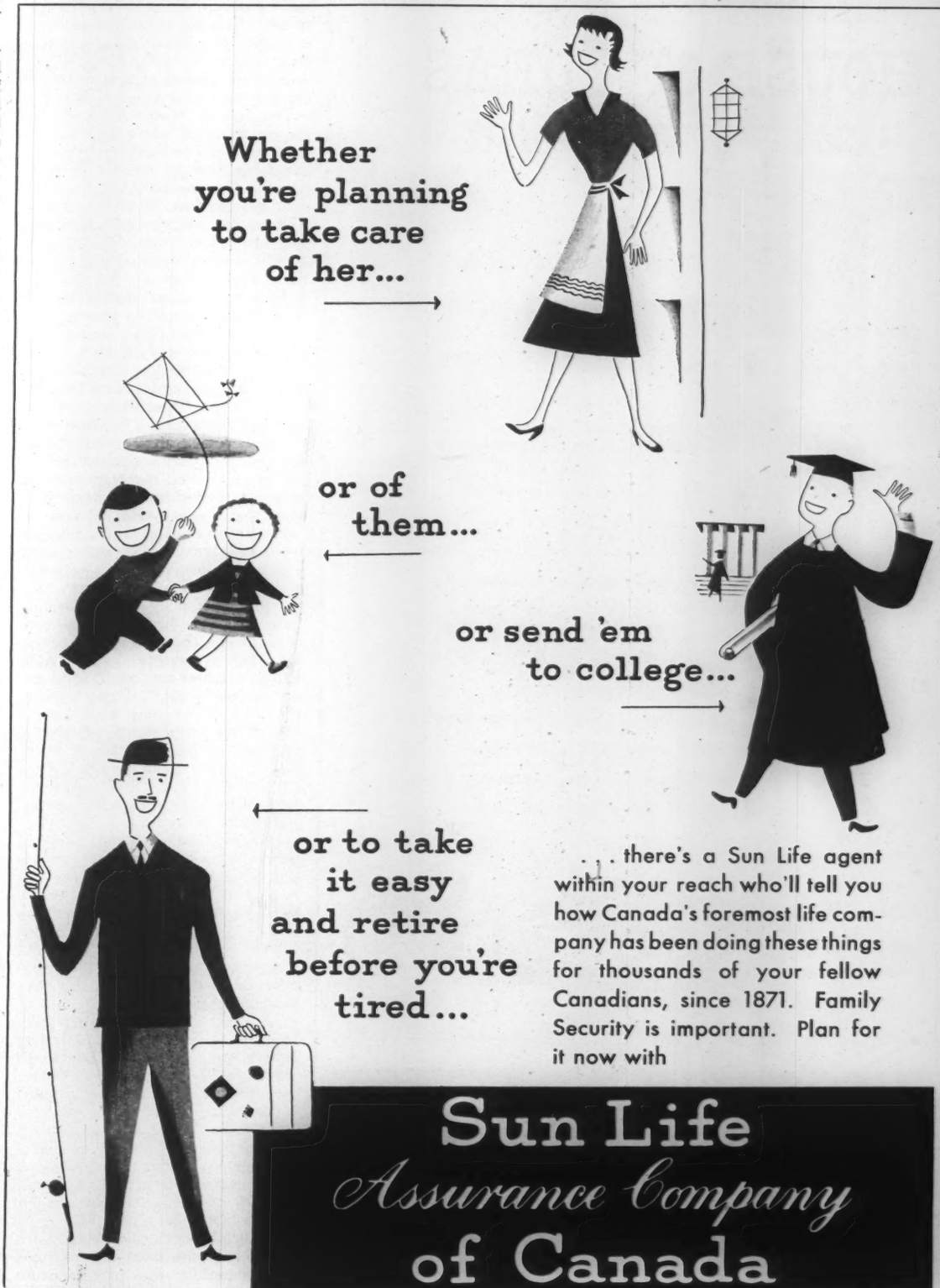
There is no doubt that this system has its merits; the constant influx of men from private business provides the U.S. Government with great energy and less temptation to be strangled by its own red tape.

The Marshall Plan has been run almost entirely by amateurs who have proved themselves both dynamic and professional, and it is doubtful if it could have accomplished as much under the guidance of ordinary civil servants.

THE GREAT DEFECT of this method of government is that it lacks continuity. These private citizens come to Washington to serve their country but they do not settle down here. The work is hard and harassing, and more often than not involves them in undignified disputes with politicians. The pay is low, by business standards. Their family is uprooted from some other city, and Washington has a climate and atmosphere which many people intensely dislike. Not being established civil servants, they cannot look forward to pensions. The temptation to leave the Government after two or three years' service is very great.

During the last two months this tendency has been exemplified in its most virulent form. Richard Bissell is shortly leaving E.C.A. for the Ford Foundation which is now headed by Paul Hoffman and staffed by many able men who were in E.C.A. Eric Johnston, the Wage Stabilizer, has just returned to Hollywood, and Michael DiSalle, the Price Stabilizer, is reported to be going shortly. But it is in the State Department that the situation is most serious. Under-Secretary James Webb is leaving shortly for private life; of the seven assistant secretaries upon whom the main burden of framing and executing the details of foreign policy falls, three are leaving. One of the ablest of them, Dean Rusk, who has all the threads of Far Eastern policy in his hands, is going to be head of the Rockefeller Foundation.

Many people in Washington, observing this latest series of resignations, are beginning to wonder whether, in the State Department at least, the day of the able but short-lived amateur is not over. It is being suggested that the President, instead of hunting desperately for executives and talented private citizens to take the top jobs in the State Department, should concentrate instead upon building up an enduring body of professional civil servants and diplomats who should be given all, instead of merely a few, of the senior posts so that American diplomacy can be pursued with more continuity and *expertise* than is possible at present.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SIMPSON'S STORES AND ORDER OFFICES SERVE CANADIANS FROM COAST TO COAST

FILMS

HIGH THEME, LOW BUDGET

by Mary Lowrey Ross

"TO LIVE in Peace" is another example of the extraordinary film renaissance that sprang up in Italy once the dead hand of fascism had been removed. Like "Open City", "Shoeshine" and "The Bicycle Thief" it was made on a budget that a Hollywood producer would probably assign to petty cash; and like its predecessors it is filled with the special qualities that budgets alone, however lavish, don't seem able to command—faith, imagination, and a sense of life.

"To Live in Peace" rests its faith on the theme of man's humanity to man, a curious credo to spring out of the late great war. This is the story of an Italian peasant (Aldo Fabrizi) who gives shelter to two American soldiers just before the Liberation, and then has to fight off the friendly attentions of the Nazi soldier in command of the village.

Friends, foes and allies alike are tired of the war and its hatreds, and hungry for the illicit comfort of human companionship. They find it at last in a stupendous and unscheduled bender that involves the peasant, the Nazi, the American soldiers and most of the village. Alcohol turns out to be a miraculous solvent for all the conflicting ideologies and before the party is over, the Nazi and the American negro soldier have staggered out, lovingly arm in arm, to tear the village apart. It is a wonderful rowdy funny scene, and it leads with perfect consistency to a sequence of high tragi-comedy suspense.

Up to this point the dominating values in "To Live in Peace" are comic. The descent into tragedy in the final sequence, with Aldo Fabrizi's drawn-out deathbed scene, seemed both precipitate and prolonged. This is the only point in the film where Director Luigi Zampa makes an obviously calculated use of melodrama, and until it occurs the film develops with the unimpeded movement and often preposterous consistency of life itself.

Director Zampa hasn't bothered here with conventional sets. He has simply made use of one village and one farm, with an occasional excursion into the nearby countryside. Like every good Italian director, Zampa knows how to make a virtue of frugality, while leaving the magnificence to the theme—in this case, the brotherhood of man.

IN "THE MODEL and the Marriage Broker" we have Jeanne Crain as the model and Thelma Ritter as the broker. Miss Ritter occupies a rather bleak office suite in the Flatiron Building, and here she sits all day long straightening out the affairs of the lonely and frustrated, with immense common sense and an endearing lack of tact. She also arranges Sunday afternoon parties for her forlorn clientele with grim little parlor games—*e.g.* she shackles prospective couples together with rope handcuffs and then moodily withdraws leaving them to disentangle themselves.

—International

"TO LIVE IN PEACE"

This seemed like a promising beginning for comedy, but unfortunately it wasn't allowed to develop. Broker Ritter becomes unprofessionally involved with a pair of romantic lovers and—as usually happens—when love comes in the door comedy interest flies out the window. The lovers quarrel and have to be re-united, and this takes time—one hour and fifty-five minutes, to be specific.

By the time it is all straightened out Miss Ritter has lost just about everything except the original down payment on what looked like a promising comedy. This isn't Thelma Ritter's fault of course. It's just too much to expect one small comedienne, however vigorous and talented, to carry single-handed almost two hours of prefabricated plot and subplot.

"ON DANGEROUS GROUND" presents another of those morally sensitive cops who specialize in beating up criminal offenders. I had figured that Kirk Douglas covered this rather distasteful type for good and all in "Detective Story", but it seems I was wrong. In the bright lexicon of Hollywood there is no such word as definitive.

This time Robert Ryan plays the role, but "On Dangerous Ground" is no "Detective Story". It's an uphill fight all the way, and terribly slow going. Robert Ryan fights the waterfront hoodlums, the police force fights Robert Ryan, and the plot itself fights any logical development.

Then about half-way through, the screen writer apparently took a deep breath and started a new story. Same cop, but a new plot, this one involving Ida Lupino as a beautiful blind girl with a half-wit brother who is also a murderer. There are some violent doings towards the end, but long before they occur "On Dangerous Ground" has lost all claim on anybody's interest.

PEOPLE

DANCING ACROSS CANADA

by Margaret Ness

DANCING FEET — that's what Alan and Blanche Lund have. This month those dancing feet are taking them across Canada. The Lund's New York booking agent could not understand why this internationally known husband-and-wife team wanted to get tied up in a six weeks' tour of Canada. Especially when they could step into another of their plush New York hotel jobs straight from their eight months' run in "Fancy Free" in London's West End.

—Baron

TOMMY TRINDER

But the Lunds are Canadians — first, now and always. They are so loyally Canadian they insist on being so billed in all their engagements. So when British Tommy Trinder asked them to join his Royal Command Music Hall Varieties (the Lunds have appeared in two Command Performances) and tour Canada, they hadn't a moment's hesitation.

They crossed Canada once before —back in Navy Show days of World War II. But they were just beginning the career that almost ended when Blanche contracted polio in Germany.

They started dancing together in home-town-Toronto school days; still enjoy busman-holiday sprees. In Puerto Rico last year, after their featured appearance they just couldn't get up to their hotel room fast enough to change their clothes and dash back down to join the dancers. They loved the Latin American rhythms.

In fact they're gluttons for dance-punishment. In "Fancy Free"—where, incidentally, they were billed directly under star Tommy Trinder — they danced five numbers at each of the two nightly (6.15 and 8.45 pm) shows: rehearsed three times a week for two hours; took two ballet lessons a week.

Where do they get their routines? Mostly they make up their own, based on a piece of music or an idea. Sometimes after weeks of talking it over, developing steps, they find it won't jell. Then they have to start again. For their hotel circuit, they keep about eight numbers in rehearsal, add and subtract to be sure of fresh material. Musicals — like "Fancy Free" and their previous London success, "Piccadilly Hayride"—are a little different. Some numbers have to fit into definitely set scenes.

During "Fancy Free," Blanche tripped and broke her foot. She finished that dance and the second show. Next day an X-ray put her out of circulation for seven weeks. Alan carried on with three understudies. "They tripped me up periodically," he said. But Blanche impishly claimed he did solos.

So across Canada goes Canada's top dancing team. They're delighted, too, to be with Tommy Trinder again. "He's such a nice person," they both said. The tour starts in Toronto, Feb. 11, and is sponsored by Variety Club —made up exclusively of men in the entertainment and professional sport field. The proceeds go to the Club's vocational school for crippled boys.

The tour includes, besides the

—Matthews

THE LUNDS (centre) chat with Princess Margaret, hidden behind the Queen.

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opening in Toronto, the Ontario centres of St. Catherines, Hamilton, Kitchener, London, Brantford, Kingston and Ottawa; Montreal and the Western centres of Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver and Victoria.

■ The Winnipeg Ballet has just completed an Albertan-Saskatchewan tour which included stops at Calgary, Red Deer, Edmonton, Lethbridge, Medicine Hat, Swift Current and Regina. Touring ballerinas were Hungarian-born EVA VON GENCSY, Scots-born, Vancouver-raised JEAN STONEHAM.

■ Last Wednesday FLETCHER MARKLE was back home in Vancouver, to play one of the leads in the radio adaptation of Conrad's "The Duel." It's just ten years ago this coming Fall that Markle wrote his original series of plays for the Vancouver radio. This was the so-called "Baker's Dozen", produced by ANDREW ALLAN before he came to Toronto to head CBC's *Stages*. Markle is a Director with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and his latest movie is just recently released—"The Man With a Cloak."

■ DON HARRON of Toronto is learning first hand about "the road.' He's in the middle of a successful 6-month post-New York tour with Christopher Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners." Written to be played in a church, the play opened at St. James Episcopal Church in New York last October and on the road has played in a synagogue (a week in Chicago to packed houses), University of Chicago auditorium (split week with a suburban church) and in legitimate theatres. A few free days between dates allowed Harron to dash home to appear on a recent Ford Theatre radio show in Maugham's "Quartet." If the run of "A Sleep" ends in time, Harron hopes to join the New Play Society's annual "Spring Thaw" revue in Toronto, but is writing some sketches for it, in any case. His last appearance in "Spring Thaw" was two years ago, just before he left for England and some good parts on the West End stage.

■ In the sports world: Ottawa Rough Riders face the loss of DON LONEY. Reason—Loney is an active service navy ordnance officer and, end of this month, is being transferred to Esquimalt base, BC. In 1950 Loney won the Jeff Russell Trophy for most valuable player in the Big Four. And the 1952 football season got into the news with the signing up of BOB WALKER by Toronto Argonauts. Walker is recently out of the navy; was the centre with Vancouver's Canadian champion junior football team of four seasons ago.

■ The Canadian Figure Skating crowns now rest competently on various heads and, for the Senior winners, mean a chance at the Olympic crown in Oslo, Norway. Senior Lady champ is MARLENE SMITH of Niagara Falls, a 20-year-old blonde; PETER FIRSTBROOK of Toronto retained his Senior Men's Championship; and FRANCES DAFOE and NORRIS BOWDEN of Toronto became Senior Pairs with their wins in the Waltz, Ten Step and Silver Dance. In the Junior field winners were: ROSEMARY HENDERSON of Winnipeg, Singles; CHARLES SNELLING of Toronto, Singles; PATRICIA SPRAY and NORMAN WALKER of Vancouver, Pairs.

■ School's in, and it's conducted some 3,600 feet above sea level. It's the *Vancouver Sun's* Free Ski School and some 1,400 have enrolled since it started last year. *The Sun* refers to it as "Vancouver's skyline campus on Grouse Mountain."

■ Three Scottish students took on four Canadian universities recently. But not roughly—just in debate. Exhibition debates were held with the universities of McGill, Queen's and Western. The official tussle was with University of Toronto, winner of the Canadian round. Competition was for the Brading Trophy, symbol of debating championship among Scottish and central Canadian universities. Next year the lucky Canadian winners will visit Scotland.

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PORTS OF CALL

FROM PARKS TO SEA-GOING HIGHWAYS

by Richard Brite

MIAMI is known by various names. It is called the "Magic City," "Air Gateway of the Americas," "Hub of the Florida Gold Coast" and the "Winter Sports Capital of America." Many have referred to it as a "rich man's playground," an "old folks' paradise" and a "young man's town." All of these names fit it.

It was given the name, "Magic City," because of its rapid growth. In 1895, it was a settlement of two houses. In 1896, it became a city without ever becoming a town or village. In 55 years it has grown to 250,000 population. Greater Miami has a population of about 500,000.

It is called "Air Gateway of the Americas" because of its International airport which leads all other airports in passengers traveling between continental United States and foreign points. Miami's location in the rich southeast Florida resort area gives it the title of the "Hub of the Florida Gold Coast." It is Florida's largest city, the fastest growing city east of the Rocky Mountains.

Miami's year-round, summery climate, averaging 75.2 degrees, attracts many visitors. The city entertains approximately 3,500,000 a year — 2,000,000 in winter and 1,500,000 in summer.

Famed for its winter sports, the Greater Miami area has three of the outstanding horse-racing courses in the nation and four dog-racing plants. It also has a jai alai plant, the only one in the United States where the ancient Basque game is played. The city's internationally known Orange Bowl is also the scene of football classics and polo.

Playgrounds of the city offer many recreational activities and use of playground equipment is free to the public. Biscayne Bay, at Miami's front door, is a favorite play place of aquatic sports lovers.

Sailing, motorboat racing, skiing, goggle fishing and surf bathing along the many miles of sandy beaches are among the water sports that attract thousands of devotees. Among other popular sports are baseball, for which a $1 million stadium has been constructed recently, softball and basketball.

VISITORS to Miami discover much to interest them in the romantic, historical Florida Keys, which lie east and south of the city.

Once the haunt of pirates and shipwreckers, they are gradually seeing the encroachments of civilization. However, from Virginia Key which lies off Miami's shoreline, to Dry Tortugas, one may see both the ultra-modern in homes and scenery as primitive as it was before the coming of the white man.

HARBOR AND SKYLINE COMBINE IN LOVELY MIAMI

HIGHWAYS BETWEEN KEYS FASCINATE MOTORISTS

Virginia Key and Biscayne Key, which adjoins it, are linked with Miami by the Rickenbacker causeway. Virginia Key has a park and is to be further developed with a modern golf course, and an aquarium where scientific studies will be carried on by the University of Miami.

Biscayne Key is the site of Crandon Park, largest off-shore park along the Atlantic seaboard. It includes a wide variety of amusements, including a miniature railway, novelty rides, bathing and picnicking facilities and a zoo. On a portion of the key is also a modern residential development and the historic Cape Florida lighthouse built in 1827.

The lower Florida Keys, lying between Florida City and Key West, are connected by the Overseas Highway, famed for being "a highway that goes to sea." The highway has 39 bridges, the longest seven miles in length. For a portion of the distance, the ocean and the Gulf of Mexico can be seen by the fascinated motorist.

The highway was built for part of its distance on the trestles of the Florida East Coast railway which abandoned them when the tracks were damaged by a tropical storm. Along the highway also runs a conduit from Homestead carrying water to the city of Key West.

Southernmost city in the United States, Key West is an old city and has long been a United States military base. Settled largely by Cubans, much of the architecture of the city shows the Spanish influence.

EVERGLADES National park, newest and only sub-tropical park in the U.S. national chain, is attracting increasing numbers of visitors each year.

The park, largest of the eastern national parks, is about 40 miles south of Miami and consists of 1,228,500 acres of which 475,000 acres are submerged lands. The park covers a large flat area, including numerous bays, estuaries and rivers. It abounds in wild bird and animal life of the tropics, including alligators, deer, bear, wild cats, turkey, egret, crane and ibis.

"Everglades National park has no duplicate anywhere in the world," Daniel B. Beard, Superintendent, said recently, "and certainly not in the United States. It is strictly a biological area, whereas others of our national parks are geological. A visit to the park shou!d be interesting to anyone, not only because of its unusual features and wild life, but because they can see the start now of a new national park."

The park attracted about 150,000 visitors in 1950.

Evidences of Florida's earliest inhabitants, the Calusas and Tequestas Indians can be found throughout the park in shell mounds and ancient canals. However, few white people lived in the park. Seminole Indians, who displaced the earlier Indians do not live in the park, but have dwellings throughout the Everglades.

—Photos courtesy City of Miami News Bureau

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I ENJOY A BAD HEART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

that the "family physician" knew how to treat.

But yes, I could go fishing. Now fishing, to me, had always been a joy. Not the strenuous type of angling with waders and a casting rod, but rather the peaceful, sedentary sport of trolling at the back of a rowboat and waiting for a pike, or a pickerel, or better still, a muskie to strike. Yes, I could go fishing.

During our respective boyhoods, of course, we had often gone fishing together. It was the unwritten law in our family that the fishermen took turns at rowing the boat. When one brother caught a fish it was then his turn to row, until the other caught a fish.

I started out fishing, and soon hooked one. And then, wonder of wonders, I just kept right on fishing. My brother, the heart specialist, could not revert to his accustomed role as my brother, the part-time rower, part-time fisherman. He was caught on his own Hippocratic oath, and I fished all the way home. My brother smiled a twisted smile, and I gloated. That kind of hardship I could take—to be deprived of rowing when I could fish instead was very Heaven.

Looking back over the intervening two years, I know that I have gained in a deeper religious sense and a calmer, more satisfying philosophy. And these experiences are such that they must be shared, to a degree at least, by all other heart patients and dozens of other types of sufferers as well. But because most people like to check their reactions against those of friends enjoying the similarity—or being puzzled by dissimilarity—perhaps it will serve a purpose to recount some personal observations.

LET ME go back first to the time of the introductory heart attack. It was on the fourth fairway of a golf course. My chest pained suddenly and I was overcome by a great weakness. Momentary surprise and puzzlement gave way quickly to sudden realization that I was experiencing a heart attack, although up to that moment I had never before had any inkling of heart trouble. What saved me, and made me lie down until the pain lifted, was the recognition that the attack was not acute indigestion, which it resembled, but that my heart was causing that grinding in my chest. It felt as though my ribs were enmeshed and working inward.

The only reason that I recognized the pain as coming from my heart was its striking similarity to, and yet some variance with, the pain of indigestion. A short time before a friend of mine had died when he climbed out of bed and walked downstairs in search of baking soda for what he thought was indigestion. The exertion at the time of attack killed him. Fortunately for me, his fatal mistake was still fresh in my mind.

My next shattering experience, after revealing my suspicion to my wife and having it confirmed by my brother's electrocardiograph, was the trip in the ambulance stretcher. I wondered whether my last sight of familiar street scenes was to be that speeding panorama. Then followed days and nights of awful speculation as I lay on a hospital bed. Believe me, I felt as though I had one foot in Heaven and I may be pardoned for some deep thinking, some fears, some regrets. At such a time as that a very definite peaceful Hereafter becomes something to conjure with, something to hope and pray for if the light of terrestrial life is to be snuffed out.

When a man is drowning it is said that he sees his past life in his mind's eye like a kaleidoscope. When a man is half-expecting and dreading another—perhaps fatal—heart attack, much of his thinking is directed to what may lie ahead rather than behind. I know that I thought deeply about Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and my mind coursed back over partially remembered sermons I had heard on the subject of immortality. I even went so far as to have my wife ask a minister for the manuscript of a sermon I had once heard him deliver on the promise of a Hereafter.

Out of all those days and nights I do know that I developed a stronger faith in life-after-death. It is said that faith can move mountains, but faith can do something much more important than that—it can make a man lose his fear of death. Out of those days and nights that lengthened into weeks, and then into months, I developed a fatalistic outlook founded on faith in another world, and shed, I hope forever, my terror of "crossing the bar."

This feeling of confident approach has strengthened rather than weakened in the intervening two years, even though the experience of hospital days is receding. And that mixture of religion and fatalism is, to my mind, the most important gain of a bout with heart trouble. When you lie deathly still with a heart pain, and a conviction that even the motion of a little finger would provide the finishing touch, you come as close to the eternal verities as you ever will this side of the veil between life and death.

WHAT ranks next in the score of guerdons gained? To me it was the slow but sure development of a calm content, a quiet unhurried philosophy of life which told me to ignore the unimportant things, count only the happy hours and virtually "live each day as though it were thy last."

The attainment of such a philosophy comes through much lying on the back and thinking during the convalescent stage, and through learning to walk slowly, to avoid stairs and to shun worry and excitement and anger. It becomes second nature not to run for the bus—there'll be another along in a few minutes. You learn to ring for the elevator at your office even to go up only one floor. In short, you stop all that unnecessary dashing about like a chicken with its head off. And it all is part of the instinct of self-preservation, nurtured by sticking to the doctor's rules.

This physical slowing-down soon becomes translated to the rest of your daily living. The events that

would have thrown you into a spin a couple of years before become relatively unimportant. When an employee or fellow worker commits a cardinal boner, there is often more to be gained by the quiet reproach rather than the roaring approach. And it's easier on you. What will it matter, you ask yourself gently, a year from now, or even a week from now?

There are other benefits, too, from the quiet reaction. You are not the only benefactor. Your friends, your fellow employees at the office and your family are the gainers. Your behavior becomes mildly contagious, and the clashes become less frequent and less explosive. This all makes for happier days and less threshing about in the bed at night.

And, at home, think of the debates, the bickering, the open rows that can be avoided by the quiet reminder to a wife, husband or mother-in-law: "Easy now, you're upsetting me!" The other party to the quarrel-in-the-making, almost invariably, will think twice before proceeding in the face of that red flag. A wife might consider this a cowardly tactic, and cry "Unfair!" or "Foul!" but doesn't she place herself rather in the position of the comic-strip wife who pursued her husband to the lion's cage in the zoo where he had taken refuge, calling out, "Come out of there, you coward!"

What I have dealt with so far make up the external, tangible fruits of a calmer philosophy. But consider the internal, less tangible merit marks. Once you have been one foot removed from the infinite you develop a humility that deflates your ego. "What will it matter," you ask yourself, "if I do die?" And the answer is not inflationary. Your wife, your family—and perhaps a few intimate friends—will grieve for a while, but apart from them who will care? The world will continue to move, and even your own job at the office will be done by someone else, perhaps better than you have done it, and this is a sobering thought. You think back to the other office associates who have died in recent years. Who gives them a thought today? Perhaps by now even some members of their families have become inured to the loss. That's the way with even the most important human beings. Their importance is transitory unless they leave the world a legacy of great artistic or inventive accomplishment, and few of us do that.

All this boils down to the fact that the only indispensable people at the office are the office boys because they have no understudies. The men closer to the top are easily expendable. Sobering, but true.

Unless you are a Shakespeare, a Rembrandt or a Mozart or an Edison, who will worship at your shrine one hundred years from now, or even fifty? Who grieves now for Cleopatra?

WHAT is left then? The deflated individual is faced with the alternative of trying to do something great, to earn remembrance, or with living each day to merit the kind thoughts of family and friends and business associates, so that the earthly sojourn may be happier, less hectic and of some inspiration to others who may turn out to be greater souls.

So what to do? You will try to spin out your days by doing a good, conscientious job of work, without unnecessary excitement and bother; you will try to make the lives of family and friends happier and somewhat better for having known you, and you will seek to make your own circumscribed daily round fuller, richer and happier by living each day joyously and doing the things you have always wanted to do for your own good and for others. True friends, good books, scintillating conversation and even the quiet times of "vegetating" in an easy chair take on new values. Each new season, and each fresh demonstration of the handiwork of nature, constitutes a thrill and makes for quiet contentment in daily living. As each anniversary of the day when the "lightning struck me" rolls around, you will say to yourself, happily, "I have lived another year!" Certainly life becomes more precious.

More than all this, too, I find that I set myself goals, not to be raced for because time may be running out, but to be hoped for and prayed for and approached slowly but surely.

Certainly I would be loath to leave my wife and son minus a husband and father, and I'd much rather stay around to be a breadwinner and companion. But other than that I would feel that I had done the things I wanted to do, and seen the places I wanted to see, and lived through the most stirring times in history. After all, what more could a man ask?

But, to be less serious now, there are dozens of other plus marks for the heart patient than religious and philosophical contentment, many things comparable to fishing and not rowing the boat. And if the heart patient is inclined to be hefty, and born physically lazy — not mentally lazy, I insist—his life may be better than a bowl of cherries.

CONSIDER these new aspects of greeting life with a cheer. Gone forever—or until the doctor, bless him, lifts the ban—are such detestable chores as carrying out the ashes, mowing the lawn, planting and tending a garden, shovelling snow and pushing the car out of mud or a snowdrift. I always said, long before I had a heart attack, that I would prefer a back and front lawn made of cement, painted green if you like. In fact, I said that once in a broadcast and friends remembered it long after much sager comments—I suspect because they shared the same view but would not trumpet their laziness. These chores, of course, will not do themselves, and the result is more work for the heart patient's son, or a strain on the pocketbook to pay a hired man. But, after all, my father had asthma, which was every bit as good an excuse as a bad heart, and my son may be able to pass along the sins of omission by his father and his grandfather to his son.

Then there is the comforting business of eating and drinking and smoking. Eat frequently, but not too heavily, warns my doctor-brother, to keep up your strength and your blood-sugar. Lots of proteins are recommended, and I love proteins. And take a glass of orange juice in bed before you get up in the morning. Lie there twenty minutes, if possible, after this eye-opener.

Those are prescriptions that are easy to take, but there are more. Take drinking, for example. There is nothing so quickly stimulating to the heart—and it's cheaper than many drugs—as a drink of whisky or rye or bourbon, or best of all, brandy, though I like it least and place it a poor last. "I need a drink," I can say, almost any time, and who is to say me nay?

You see, other people cannot see my heart, or feel my chest pain. To most people the heart and the mind

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

—Winnipeg Tribune

OFFICE BUSINESS as usual goes on for author. With him, Jack Meek, city editor.

YOU OWE YOURSELF
THE LUXURY OF A HOLIDAY
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BRITISH COLUMBIA'S BOOM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

be in the neighborhood of $250,000 annually, and that power will cost Alcan only one cent per pound of aluminum—about one-third of the cost at some of the newer U.S. plants.

For this the company will undoubtedly enjoy elegant grosses; the initial production of 83,000 tons works out at something like $30 million for the first year.

Premier Johnson recalls the day that Alcan's President, Ray Edwin Powell of Montreal, and his colorful assistant, McNeely DuBose, called on him at the provincial capital to discuss the new project.

At one stage of the interview Powell arose and stared thoughtfully out of the Premier's window at Victoria's inner harbor.

"Tell me, Mr. Premier," he said, "do you think your people really want us out here?"

Johnson assured him that this was the case. The Premier's mind went back to the day before the 1949 provincial election when, winging his way westward from a meeting in Montreal, he had drafted the Coalition "Manifesto," which has become the Government Bible.

ENUNCIATED in a radio broadcast April 29, 1949, it dedicated the Government to 34 projects, of which number six was: "To encourage the establishment of an aluminum industry in the area south of Prince Rupert."

It included pledges to stimulate the growth of lumbering (which was valued at $500 million in 1951, as against $434 million in 1950); in mining (which was up $16 million in 1951 to $164 million); and in agriculture (up $30 million in 1951 to $160 million).

Underlying spirit of the Manifesto was to encourage industrial development by making British Columbia attractive to venture capital. Abolition of controls on the price of gas at the last session, for instance, brought in the oil companies; cleared the way for the pipeline and the extensive tank-farm developments on Burrard Inlet.

Granted forest management licence No. 1, Columbia Cellulose established a $27 million plant near Prince Rupert which will be producing 300 tons of cellulose by the end of June, for use in rayon and plastic mills of the U.S. and Canada. Now the parent company (Celanese Corporation) envisages a sawmill, plywood plant, shingles, pulp, newsprint and kraft paper manufacture in the Arrow Lakes district.

H. R. MACMILLAN, who recently merged his vast lumber domain with that of Bloedel, Stewart and Welch, is spending $20 million to double the capacity of his Harmac pulp division near Nanaimo, which opened in 1950 and is producing 300 tons a day entirely from waste. When the Provincial Government brought power to Port Alberni, B.S. & W. established the first pulp mill on Vancouver Island; now this $7 million venture is reported due for a two-fold expansion.

Alaska Pine Ltd. (Abitibi) is spending $8 million for improvements to its pulp mill at Port Alice, on the northwest tip of Vancouver Island; and $4 million on its plant at Woodfibre, up the coast from Vancouver. In September of this year the second stage of a rehabilitation program for the old Sorg Pulp Mill at Port Melion will be completed by its new owners, Canadian Forest Products Ltd., at a cost of $7 million.

The Powell River Co., north of Vancouver, is spending $13½ million which will increase its newsprint capacity by 40,000 tons a year; further up the coast, at Ocean Falls, Pacific Mills is investing $4½ million, which includes a new $1.7 million sawmill and a $900,000 recovery furnace. Newsprint production is expected to increase from 170 to 200 tons a day.

PGE RAIL SPAN over Cottonwood River. Believed to be Canada's longest, its 1,023 feet length is part of PGE's Quesnel-Prince George railway extension.

NEW AND ROUGH country challenges engineers on Alcan's hydro-electric and aluminum smelter development. Above, truck ferried across Nechako dam-site.

On the basis of a forest management licence, Western Plywood Co. Ltd. established a $1.5 million veneer plant in the Cariboo which now employs 250. In four or five years the company plans a total investment in permanent industry around Quesnel amounting to $20 million.

In Victoria, a new plywood plant is taking shape for BC Forest Products which will go into production this year with a staff of 225, at an investment of $2 million.

And so it goes. All over the province, vast projects are astir. Boss Johnson likes its diversity: "Take a look at the map. A lot of people think of Prince George as somewhere near the end of the line. North of the Prince there's huge blank spots we don't know much about—yet."

ALL THESE VENTURES will depend for their growth on improved transportation and power facilities. In six postwar years Public Works Minister Ernest Carson (recently described by Bruce Hutchison as "BC's Great Builder") has expended $100 million of capital funds to drive modern arteries into each important section of the country. Of 23,000 miles of roads in the province, about 7,000 are in Ernie Carson's basic skeleton of high-standard highways, from which improved side roads will radiate later on.

"The trouble is that our program can't keep pace with development," Carson says, a bit ruefully. "Right now our roads are being used by 270,000 automobiles and trucks. Some of our highways are proving inadequate after five years and our program is in danger of falling farther and farther behind."

A notable exception is the splendid Hope-Princeton Highway which is already producing enough revenue to repay the money borrowed to build it, plus interest costs. A basic fact of life in BC road-building is that the highways must be hewn and blasted out of some of the toughest terrain in North America, which boosts costs.

Over in the Kootenays, Consolidated Mining and Smelting, which is a very good (and profitable) head on CPR's shoulders, has a $65 million expansion program in the works, or on the drafting boards.

Almost half of this sum is for a power development on the Pend d'Oreille river, about 12 miles from Trail. Here at least 1,000 men will be employed.

A new fertilizer plant at Kimberley will account for another $10.5 million. The smelter at Trail will be redesigned and rebuilt, at a cost of more than $12 million. Power, mine rehabilitations and plant expansions account for the balance.

At present BC is using about one-tenth of its estimated potential of 11½ million horsepower. But with new industries burgeoning in every sector of the province, impressive power lines are marching single file across the lonely canyons, rugged mountain slopes and rushing rivers of the broad hinterland.

The privately-owned BC Electric Railway Co. of Vancouver has spent $108 million since the war, increasing its capacity from 253,700 h.p. (exclusive of Vancouver Island) in 1947 to 528,500 h.p. in 1951. This year, an 82,000 h.p. development at Jones Lake will go into production.

MEANWHILE, the Government-operated BC Power Commission has been reaching farther afield. Its high voltage transmission lines at Whatshan (switched on at 33,000 h.p. last summer) now serve the entire north Okanagan area from Whinfield in the south almost as far as Revelstoke.

On Vancouver Island, the Power Commission proposes—over the violent protests of conservation groups, led by the noted author, Roderick L. Haig-Brown—to increase its John Hart development from 112,000 to 168,000 by damming Buttle Lake.

This majestic lake, located at the entrance to the publicly-owned Strathcona Park, has become a provincial *cause célèbre*, since it was deeded to the people by a far-seeing government in 1911.

In spite of the fact that the present government is on record in the 1949 Manifesto with the statement (item 33) that its aim is "to guard the public's heritage in respect to natural

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

B U S I N E S S

DEFENCE KEYSTONE: Man-Made Metals

by Michael Young

The scientist has to improve on nature to make metals that will stand up to blazing white heat of jet engines.

IN DEFENCE PLANTS, in universities, in the Mines Branch of the Department of Mines and Technical Surveys and in other research centres, a corps of imaginative scientists are working against time to produce better metals than are produced by nature herself. Nature's products don't combine the qualities of strength, lightness, and resistance to blazing white heats and corrosion that are required in many of the uses metals are put to today. Our ability to keep ahead of the Russians in the technology of war-making depends to a large extent on the scientists' success.

According to Dr. John Convey, Head of the Physical Metallurgy Division of the Mines Branch, the science of metallurgy has undergone a complete switch in emphasis in the last few years. Formerly, the ores we possessed dictated their metallurgical uses, now metallurgical needs are dictating what ores to look for. A Festival of Britain brochure on the gas turbine commented, ". . . gas turbine development is very much a metallurgist's problem."

YOU CAN GET an idea why by talking to men who are trying to solve the problems. In the hot part of a jet engine, the combustion chamber, metals have to stand up to a "blazing white heat" of perhaps 1,200 degrees Centigrade—twice the heat at which metal gets red hot. At this temperature, heat corrosion becomes a serious problem. It's the metallurgist's job to develop a metal that will hold together under this condition.

Towards the rear of the jet engine, guide vanes direct the blast to the turbine. These parts take even more punishment. The gas blasted through them is at a bright red heat, and the blades get hot in a hurry. When the pilot shuts off the power the blades are then exposed to a blast of cold air. These alternating temperatures compound the problem. The vanes are wedge-shaped; when the hot gas blasts through them, the metal expands, but the thin edge heats up more quickly and expands more rapidly than the thick edge. When the cold air comes through, the thin edge contracts more rapidly than the thick edge. The vanes, then, are literally trying to tear themselves apart. The metallurgist has to improve on nature to get a metal that will stand up to this.

The metallurgist's problem doesn't stop with the jet's engine. Developments in the engine that bring more power mean changes have to be made in the airframe; new metals have to be developed to stand up to new conditions created by changes in the engine. This is what Richard Smallman-Tew, Avro's Chief Metallurgist, means when he describes engine and airframe development as a "leapfrogging business". The trouble is, each leap that makes the airframe stronger should not make it heavier. According to Mr. Smallman-Tew, 1 lb. of disposable weight is worth $100 a year to an airline operator for the life of the aircraft—generally eight years. More weight is an expensive price to pay for more strength.

Problems for the metallurgist also crop up along assembly lines for less glamorous products. And if you follow the assembly lines right back to the machines that make them possible, you find one of the most important fields in which the metallurgist is required: machine tools.

In order to make the tool itself, it must be possible to machine it; but at the same time the metal the tool is made from has to be hard enough to cut other metal, or at least to support the cutting edge of the tool. It has to stand up to the tremendous heat generated by its operation. Again, by going nature two points better—from iron to steel and steel to stellite—the metallurgists are able to produce a metal hard enough and heat-resistant enough to permit the operation of machine tools at five times the speed of tools made with ordinary carbon steel. Jobs that took hours with carbon steel can be done in minutes with the high speed alloys.

For the period of defence build-up, at least, the metallurgist's difficulties are increased by the apparently inevitable condition of shortages of the alloying metals he needs. Key ones are under the International Materials Conference in Washington. The IMC has a committee on nickel, manganese and cobalt, and another on tungsten and molybdenum.

SHORTAGES of these metals, and of others like columbium and chromium—and the consequences of such shortages—are not so apparent to anyone outside the business using them as are shortages of steel, aluminum or copper. But they are not less important. Nickel, chromium, and molybdenum all harden steel in depth; they are vital alloys in the manufacture of armor plate, anti-tank shells, and gears. Tungsten and cobalt are key alloys in metals that have to retain their hardness at high temperatures. These are vital in high-speed tool steels and jet engines.

Canada is among the West's most important producers of many of these strategic metals. Nickel is the classic example — Canada produces nearly 90 per cent of the world's supply—but there are others, growing in importance.

Near the town of Cobalt, Ont., cobalt was mined as a by-product of silver. It's out of that category now. In the last year the Government has raised the price three times, and now the ore is sought in its own right. Ten per cent ore is now worth $2.00 per pound of contained cobalt—a 60-cents-per-pound increase. This schedule will be in effect until the Government stockpile has 300 tons of recoverable cobalt, or until March 1, 1954. Canada produces enough cobalt ore to satisfy her own needs, but, since the metal comes under the International Materials Conference, we are on allocation.

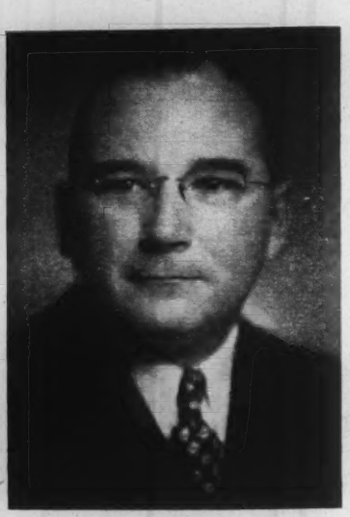
CANADA'S TUNGSTEN production is also climbing. Though we don't rate highly, quantity-wise, with the world's biggest producers, China and Korea, the loss of these sources to the West has made Canada an important source of tungsten ore.

Emerald Mine in southern British Columbia was a tungsten producer during World War II under Government operation. Last year the Government got interested in the mine again and bought the tungsten properties. A mill is now in operation with a daily capacity of 250 tons. Meanwhile, Canadian Exploration Ltd. has discovered another vein, not on the property bought by the Government. The company is developing this on its own and is enlarging the Government's mill. The rising price of tungsten (from $20 to $65 per short ton unit since Korea) has made private operation

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

—NFB

CORROSION testing equipment analyses effect of weather on newly-developed alloys. A year's sun, rain, temperature change is compressed into a matter of weeks. Metallurgists seek metal that will stand it.



L. D. FRASER C. T. WRIGHT

L. D. Fraser has been appointed general manager and C. T. Wright assistant general manager of Imperial Oil's marketing department. Mr. Fraser, who joined the company in 1928 and has been manager of its Manitoba division, will be in charge of Imperial's sales organization throughout Canada. He succeeds A. G. DeMont who has relinquished the position to devote more time to his duties as a director of the company. Mr. Wright has been with the company's marketing department since 1925, recently as general operations manager.

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AGAINST U.S. CHARGES . . .

NEWSPRINT'S SPOKESMAN

by Frank Lowe

THE SPOKESMAN for a Canadian industry that earns more than $2,000 a minute is soft-talking, young-looking Robert MacLaren Fowler, 45-year-old native of Peterborough, Ont.

This tall (over six feet), slim man with the grey just starting to appear in his hair is President of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association and Newsprint Association of Canada. The 80 companies supporting this organization earn for Canada some $1,100 million a year.

Yet there is nothing suggesting the trappings of big business about President Fowler. He is easy to talk to, relaxed in manner and an excellent listener.

The men and women who work with him in the Pulp and Paper Association claim their boss is also a wit of some renown. Most of his stories have himself as the butt.

He has also been known to reply to an office memo with a fast bit of doggerel.

But under the easy manner and the ready wit is a deep reserve of energy. He is known as a tireless worker who learned the rewards of concentration and applied effort young in life.

While attending the University of Toronto he slugged his way through his studies with a determination that made him an Honor Graduate in Mathematics. He then turned to law and in 1931 was an Honor Graduate of Osgoode Hall.

Law and mathematics strike most people as strange intellectual companions, but Fowler thinks the two fit very nicely "as the same mental processes are needed to solve a mathematical problem as to solve a legal problem."

IN HIS PRESENT POSITION he has had some knotty problems to solve. One constant headache has been the claims from the United States that the Canadian pulp and paper industry is a monopoly, deliberately encouraging newsprint shortage so as to gouge American publishers.

It's on this point that "soft spoken" ceases to be an accurate description of the Canadian newsprint chief. About a year and a half ago, at the height of a vigorous smear campaign carried on by some U.S. publishers against the Canadian newsprint industry, Fowler's replies were soft, the way ice is soft, and their logic was irrefutable.

Fowler's defence of the Canadian industry against the rash of charges from across the border made him seem like something of a knight in shining armor. He championed not only a Canadian industry, but also Canadian rights in challenging the demands of some U.S. spokesmen for an investigation—by U.S. Government agencies—of the Canadian industry.

Fowler vigorously denies the American charges, saying: "We have nothing to hide." He adds: "I don't think people of another country have any right to level charges at a business in Canada. There is a question of sovereignty there that excites me. But the fact remains that pulp and newsprint are explosive and political properties, so one must expect this sort of thing."

Fowler got into the pulp and newsprint business by accident. Prior to the war he practised law in Toronto with McMaster, Montgomery, Fleury and Company and later with McCarthy and McCarthy. In 1942 he went to Ottawa as Secretary and General Counsel of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

There he was called in as legal adviser for the Board on newsprint and pulp questions. As Secretary of the Board, many of the problems he handled were international ones.

AT THE END of the war, the pulp and paper manufacturers asked Fowler "to get them unwound from controls," so he moved his headquarters to Montreal "for four or five years."

Things didn't work out quite as planned. The cold war came along and newsprint became a prime concern of governments. So Fowler stayed on. Now, he not only handles the Association Presidency; he is back in the business of Government as Director of the Pulp and Paper Division, Department of Defence Production.

So the work is piling up for the man with two jobs and four children. But he still finds time to play an active part in such organizations as the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, where he is listed as a past president. He is a member of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce executive committee and the Montreal General Hospital Board of Governors.

Robert Fowler is also an amateur artist. Right now he is in his pastel period, producing pictures which he says he will "never allow to see the light of day." Soon he hopes to become master of the technique of dauling with oils.

—D. E. Dolan

NEWSPRINT'S FOWLER: "a question of sovereignty" vs the political properties.

BUSINESS COMMENT

BUSINESS TO RISE SOON

by P. M. Richards

WHEN the kettle's boiling, you can tie down the lid or you can turn off the gas. The latter's the better way to beat the steam pressure, but the water gets cold in time. A year ago the Government decided to reduce the pressure of inflation by turning down the gas (as against tying down the lid by resurrecting price ceilings), so it imposed restrictions on instalment buying and on bank loans to businesses not engaged in nationally-important production; it raised personal and corporation income taxes, and excise and sales taxes, and it temporarily disallowed depreciation write-offs on non-essential capital outlays.

These steps meant less business would be done, at least in certain fields, and so less purchasing power would be created. It was a policy that would take time to show results and would be unpopular because generally painful, but it was bound to be effective. And so it has been—so much so that it is now being relaxed. The aim of the relaxations is to revive demand for consumer durable goods such as refrigerators, washing machines, electrical equipment, furniture, fields in which employment has fallen sharply.

To justify this change of position, Government spokesmen speak of a decline in inflationary pressure, but perhaps it would be better described as a lull in the advance. Surely it is quite unsafe to assume that inflation will not press hard on us again, especially when we are importing so much from the United States and Britain and thus have to pay for their increases in costs and prices.

Of course, when Cabinet ministers make forecasts one remembers that they are usually made with a purpose, that of bringing about a desired state of mind on the part of the public. Usually the Government is trying to promote an atmosphere of stability. But, in the present circumstances, does it contribute to stability to induce complacency about the price outlook?

The truth is that no matter how capably our affairs are managed, our big expenditures for capital investment this year (about $5.1 billion) and for defence ($1.5 billion upwards) will inevitably increase public purchasing power faster than the supply of goods and services, which is obviously a basically inflationary condition. Governmental efforts to check inflation will only succeed if the public co-operates, which it can do by exercising restraint in spending and in wage demands. Labor unions can make an especially effective contribution.

The prospect is that we shall soon see a rise in general business activity, as a result of the relaxing of the restrictions that contributed substantially to bringing on the current business decline. Business will become less uneven than it has been, because the relaxations will ease conditions where easement is most required, in the broad field of consumer durable goods. But Ottawa will have to be careful not to go too far in its change of attitude, in view of the persisting cost and price uncertainties. Renewal of active inflation is just around the corner.

A Question of Fact

ON THE evening of December 6, in a Citizens' Forum discussion over the CBC, Mr. Kenneth Green said that profits were the cause of high prices, and that one motor company had made more net profits in the last nine months than the Canadian Government can collect from the people in income tax.

Here was a misleading statement. It is obvious to anyone who knows anything about business that Mr. Green must have been referring to one of the larger motor car companies in the United States. No motor car company in Canada makes profits on the scale which Mr. Green was suggesting. The figures showing the value of production in various industries indicate that only the food and beverage industries combined produce a total *gross* value of manufactures in excess of the total collection of income tax by the Canadian Government. Yet, Mr. Green leaves the suggestion that one motor car company in Canada is making more net profit than the total income tax collections.

Someone Will Lose

IT IS becoming evident that, whatever else happens as a result of the new amendments to the Railway Act, the various individuals and interests in Canada are going to have to pay higher freight rates than if these amendments had not been made.

The railways will not be injured to any extent, except that, if the alterations in freight rates which result from these amendments do some injury to general business, the railways will lose, as well as everyone else in the country.

It is evident that, whatever else be done about freight rate regulation, it has to be applied so that the railways will get enough money to enable them to carry on their operations. The CNR, of course, runs at a loss to the taxpayers, and the CPR makes little or no profit out of its rail operations, so that any ill effects of the new methods of fixing freight rates will not be visited on the railways so much as on general business in Canada — which means producers, consumers, investors and workers.

Whatever else happens, the railways will have to be given the right to charge high enough freight rates to pay their way.

Concessions have been made in the past, and they are now continued, in freight rates charged to people in the Maritime Provinces. Now concessions are being made to the people of Alberta and Western Saskatchewan, under a system by which the railways, when they make a rate between Central Canada and British Columbia to meet

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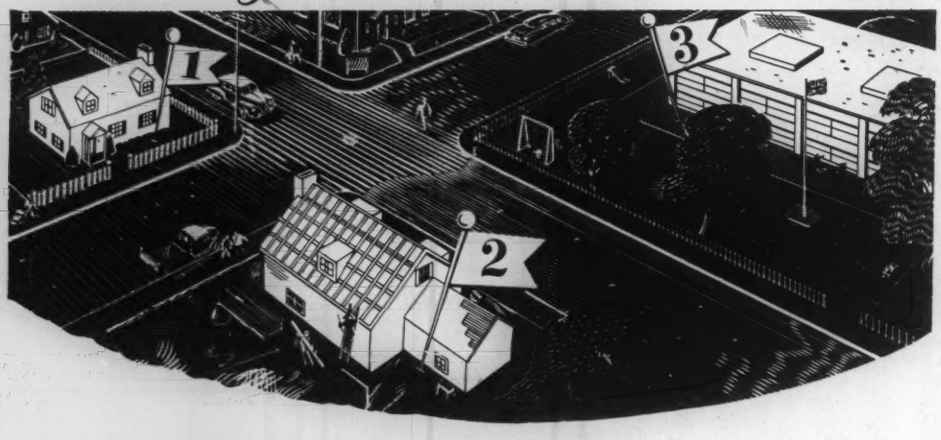


The Story of a Vital Factor in Your Community's Welfare

Benefits for Canadians living in communities from St. John's to Victoria are highlighted in the 65th Annual Report of the Manufacturers Life.

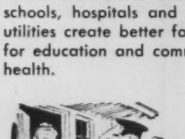
Dollars paid to living policyholders, and to the beneficiaries of those who have died, provide incomes that help to maintain good living standards and guarantee financial independence.

Premium dollars held in trust for Manufacturers Life policyholders are invested in public and private enterprises essential to community progress.

1 In thousands of typical Canadian homes elderly people are enjoying happy and comfortable retirement with *guaranteed* monthly incomes provided by their Manufacturers Life policies.

2 The Manufacturers Life has made available millions of dollars in mortgages for those buying or building new homes . . . helping to meet an urgent need in many communities.

3 Financed in part by Manufacturers Life funds, new schools, hospitals and public utilities create better facilities for education and community health.



4 Each month the postman delivers Manufacturers Life cheques to thousands of widows and children . . . guaranteed incomes that represent food, clothing and shelter.

Highlights from the 65th ANNUAL REPORT *of the Manufacturers Life*

410,000 CLIENTS IN CANADA and over 30 other countries around the world are now entrusting substantial amounts of their savings to the Manufacturers Life to protect their dependents and their own retirement.

$1,443,927,793 OF INSURANCE and retirement protection is provided by the policies they own.

$449,783,836 IS SECURELY INVESTED to guarantee payment of the benefits promised under these policies. The interest earned on these funds — which are principally accumulated premium deposits — reduces the cost of insurance.

$198,033,779 OF NEW INSURANCE WAS PURCHASED IN 1951 by over 35,000 clients, many of whom were already owners of Manufacturers Life policies.

$26,193,997 WAS PAID TO LIVING POLICYOWNERS, and to the families of those who died. The Life Insurance programs under which these payments were made have been carefully arranged by trained Life Underwriters — one of whom is available to perform the same service for you.

THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE (Established 1887) TORONTO, CANADA

water competition, must reduce rates between Central Canada and the Western Prairies to not more than one-third higher than the competitive rate to Vancouver.

This, of course, is a reduction in total railway revenues, as the Maritime Freight Rates Act concessions were. Therefore, the general level of freight rates has to be increased, to make up for these concessions.

This may be a good way of doing business, but there is reason to doubt that. Good or not, it is a system of fixing freight rates which means higher rates for the great majority of Canadians than they otherwise would have paid.

Oil in BC

THE province of British Columbia already had so much in the way of natural resources that one couldn't really pity it because it lacked oil—or seemed to lack it. It had just about everything else, and in abundance—timber, woodpulp, fisheries, furs, gold, copper, lead, zinc, tungsten, tin, hydro-electric power — truly a vast storehouse of riches. But BC wanted oil too, and through the years many men sought for it, wherever the geological indications seemed favorable.

Most promising, perhaps, was the Peace River Valley, since it was reasonable to suppose that the petroleum formations richly evident in neighboring Alberta extended across the boundary. In fact, back before World War II, the then Premier T. D. Pattullo spent some of the province's money in drilling at Commotion Creek. He did a good deal of drilling but found no oil and eventually gave up.

Then the war came along. After the war, stimulated by Alberta's great finds, the search for oil in the Peace River area was resumed, this time by private interests. Recently oil was found, near Fort St. John.

The discovery thrilled BC, which promptly became convinced that oil will soon be another big BC asset. Within a few days 100 applications for oil exploration permits, involving more than seven million acres, had been filed in Victoria, and Premier Byron I. Johnson announced the BC Government's support of the application of Trans Mountain Oil Pipe Line Co. to build a pipeline from Alberta to Vancouver. It would be 693 miles long and cost $82 million. Wall Street showed interest in the future of BC oil by buying up an issue of stock in a company owning part of the discovery well.

How big is BC's oil potential? No one knows, but everyone who knows BC is prepared to believe anything.

LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO., LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share on the Class "A" shares and a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share on the Class "B" shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending February 29, 1952, payable on the 1st day of March, 1952, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 5th day of February, 1952. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By Order of the Board.

R. G. MEECH, Secretary

Toronto, January 15, 1952.

U.S. BUSINESS

GOV'T-INDUSTRY COPPER FIGHT

by R. L. Hoadley

A HEATED CONTROVERSY has broken out over copper with Government and metal men getting blue in the face over the red metal. Defence officials say the copper shortage is one of the most critical of all defence-metal scarcities and have urged industry to substitute aluminum wherever possible.

This has upset the copper interests who charge the Government with conducting a systematic propaganda campaign for substitution. Instead of fussing about a current shortage that will "improve materially" in the last half of the year, they claim, Washington should worry over the surplus copper that will confront the U.S. three to five years hence. Domestic copper supplies have increased and now run 90,000 tons a month.

Defence officials counter that imports in 1951 totalled 160,000 tons less than in 1950 and there are no prospects of any large increase in imports this year. The industry retorts that all the Government has to do is to meet the world price and the metal will flow in.

The International Materials Conference stepped into the argument with the mild observation that copper supplies are "not likely" to overtake demand in 1952 or 1953. To which the Copper and Brass Research Association quickly responded that if present expansion plans are carried forward, the problem in 1953 will be to find sufficient uses for surplus copper.

Cadmium Picture

THE SUPPLY of cadmium has shown such a marked improvement recently that Government restrictions may be lifted in the near future. It would be the first time since the defence program got under way that any non-ferrous metal has been "decontrolled". Cadmium-bearing alloys are important in high temperature uses, but defence requirements for cadmium have not developed on the scale anticipated. This is mainly because of the slow pace of rearmament and the severity of the use-restrictions placed on the metal. However, the Government will keep its hand in the picture and restore controls if supplies become tight. The U.S. is the biggest producer, followed by Mexico and Canada.

DEFENCE KEYSTONE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

profitable. Sometime in 1953, the mill's capacity will be up to 500 tons per day.

Canada could meet her own needs from the Emerald Mine output—she has in fact just become a net tungsten exporter—but, like nickel and cobalt, tungsten comes under the International Materials Conference. As a result we are on allocation like the rest of our Western associates.

Part of the answer to the supply problem lies, of course, in finding new sources of these strategic metals, but it seems a good bet that the metallurgists will find an answer sooner. Much of the metallurgists' research nowadays is centered on finding ways of producing strong high-temperature alloys with smaller and smaller amounts of the scarce strategic metals.

This kind of research has led to some big savings in strategic metals. A little boron, for instance, (about .002 per cent, to be exact) at the .40 per cent carbon level is equal to 2 per cent nickel or .5 per cent chromium, or .35 per cent molybdenum in increasing depth of hardening in steel. The trouble with this, as with all the techniques of saving on strategic metals, is that a small mistake can be costly. And mistakes can happen easily; this kind of chemistry isn't done in test tubes. It's done with molten metal at temperatures running up to 1,800 degrees Centigrade.

The research has also centered on combining various metals which are not particularly scarce to get an alloy in all important respects as satisfactory as a proven alloy requiring scarce metals. Harold Kinsey, another hard working researcher in the Mines Branch in Ottawa has been heading work in this direction. He is working on an alloy that contains no cobalt or chromium, which are scarce and expensive, but about 70 per cent nickel which is more plentiful than cobalt or chromium, and which is an important Canadian product.

The key to this kind of work, according to Kinsey, is a careful balancing of the ingredients used and close supervision of the forging conditions. Tighter control and more accuracy makes available metals go further and do more.

This has raised the degree of skill necessary in the mills and foundries themselves. Controlling the temperature of molten metal to within five degrees is perhaps not so much a question of skill in the workers as it is of responsibility and conscientiousness.

THE PROBLEM of the high-temperature metals doesn't stop with the manufacture of the alloys. It's the properties of resistance to high temperatures and extreme hardness that make them valuable, but these properties also make them very difficult to work on. A metal designed to retain its hardness in the blazing white heat of a jet engine's combustion chamber isn't one that can be readily liquefied so it can be poured into molds. A metal designed to be hard enough to cut a block of hard steel

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

—Chambers in Halifax Chronicle-Herald

"Would You Care To Eat These Words?"

INSURANCE

LIFE SALES TREND

by L. D. Millar

IN SPITE of rising living costs and all other claims on the family dollar, in 1951 Canadians signed up for about $2 billion of new life insurance, an all-time record and double the amount bought in 1945. During the year they paid out close to $500 million in premiums for life insurance and annuities.

Total life insurance in force at the end of the year is estimated at approximately $17 billion, an average of about $1,200 for every man, woman and child in Canada. This is an increase of nearly 50 per cent over the per-capita insurance in force in 1945. Today, out of the total population of about 14 million, there are in the neighborhood of 12.5 million life-insurance policies and group-insurance certificates in force.

But, even with this great increase in the holdings of life insurance, Canadians have not as much real insurance protection as they had in 1945. With living costs up 60 per cent in the six-year period, it would require insurance of about $1,300 per capita to bring actual protection to the level of 1945.

Largest percentage gain in the past few years has been in group insurance, with 1951 sales nearly five times the 1945 total. Out of Canada's total labor force of 4.3 million (excluding agricultural workers) more than 3 million are now insured under group life insurance contracts, nearly three-quarters of all non-agricultural workers. There are now a million more in the labor force than in 1945 and many of these have been automatically included in the group contracts of their employers.

Payments made under insurance contracts also reached an all-time high in 1951 and will likely top $240 million. An analysis of these payments shows that you don't have to die to cash in on life insurance; living policyholders received more than 60 per cent of the 1951 total in matured endowments, dividends, disability benefits, annuity payments, and cash values of policies surrendered.

H. C. MILLS

Mr. J. A. Diemand, President of the Insurance Company of North America, has announced with the approval of the Board of Directors the appointment of Mr. H. C. Mills as Resident Vice-President for that Company.

Mr. Mills commenced his insurance career with his corporation in Winnipeg thirty-two years ago. He has filled various appointments throughout Canada and has been General Manager for the North America Group for Canada since 1930.

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Silverwood Dairies, Limited

Class "A" Dividend No. 22

Notice is hereby given that the regular quarterly dividend of Fifteen cents (15c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Class "A" Shares of the Company, payable April 1st, 1952, to shareholders of record as at the close of business on February 29th, 1952.

Class "B" Dividend No. 16

Notice is also given that a dividend of Five cents (5c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Class "B" Shares of the Company, payable April 1st, 1952, to shareholders of record February 29th, 1952.

By Order of the Board.

L. R. GRAY,
Secretary.

London, Ontario,
January 18, 1952.

INDUSTRIAL & COMMERCIAL BUSINESS ENTERPRISES

Granite Plant, $400.000, — Paper Mill, $450.000,— Pulp & Wallboard Plant, $650.000, — Sand, Gravel & Crushed Stone Business, $375.000,—Automotor Rebuilding Business, $700.000, —Printing and Publishing Company, $375.000, — Millwork & Dressing Mill $160.000, — Saw Mill $125.000, — Wholesale & Retail Company $125.000, —

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Dividend No. 258

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of twenty-five cents per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Saturday, the first day of March next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of January, 1952.

By order of the Board,
T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager.
Montreal, Que., January 15, 1952.

NOTICE

is hereby given that the London-Canada Insurance Company, Toronto, has been granted by the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, Certificate of Registry No. C. 1343, authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of Personal Accident Insurance, provided in connection with a policy of Automobile insurance insuring against liability for bodily injuries, limited to expenses incurred arising from bodily injuries suffered by driver and passengers and resulting from the ownership or operation of an automobile, in addition to the classes for which it is already registered.

H. DOUGLAS COO,
President & Managing Director

DEFENCE KEYSTONE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

into some shape can't be readily cut into a shape itself.

This kind of work seems to bring the mill or foundry floor quite close to the scientist's laboratory, and it requires a new approach to the question of labor—even general labor in operations of this sort.

Canada's hard-worked metallurgists will tell you that the first step in the solution of these new problems in metals is more research into the alloys themselves. And the first step in this direction is building up a bigger corps of metallurgists in Canada.

According to Professor Bruce Chalmers of the University of Toronto, unanswered questions about just what goes on in the manufacture and behavior of alloys lead to waste of some of our valuable metals. The answers can be found, but it will take a lot of work and a lot of time. The work has to be done by competent researchers, and at this level that means people who have spent up to seven years in a university.

PROFESSOR Chalmers says that satisfactory financial support is coming from governments, but industry could do more than it is—he suggests one or two fellowships for post-PhD research. It's a policy that would have paid big dividends now.

If, outside of their work, there is a factor common to the imaginative scientists trying to make metals that will keep up with advances in techniques and machines, it is a zealous belief in the industrial future of Canada. Scientists are usually a cautious group, but on this subject their vocabulary is confined to superlatives. With new wealth in metals appearing almost daily in this country, it's not hard to see why metallurgists are carried away. Among the researchers in Ottawa or in the provincial capitals, or in industry or universities there are ideas that will lead to an industrial future for this mineral-rich country that will make even the zealous scientists' superlatives understatements.

—NFB

SCIENTIST Harold Kinsey with test bar of "Kinsalloy": something new for jet engines.

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S BOOM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

parks by developing those already reserved and placing under reservation other areas where deemed necessary," it is apparently resolved to go ahead with damming Buttle, one of the great beauty spots of the western world.

Formal appeals by sportsmen and conservationists, up this month, are regarded by insiders as little more than legal niceties. The Government has an escape clause in 1919 and 1927 amendments to the original act which it proposes to utilize—as well as Premier Johnson's oft-repeated statement that the new newsprint and pulp projects will tax the island's power potential to the limit.

All these monumental schemes have brought with them attendant dislocations, social as well as economic. Committed to a social service program which is elaborate, if not lavish, the BC Government now finds that it is spending a record $118 million annually—more than double the per capita expenditure of Ontario and Quebec. Former Finance Minister Anscomb holds that the province is wealthy enough to stand it.

Because BC's population has grown more than twice as fast (41 per cent) over the past decade as the national average of provinces (17 per cent), a pressing schools problem has arisen.

In 1945, there were 4,512 teachers and 130,605 pupils in British Columbia. Today there are 6,625 teachers and 180,016 students. In 1951 alone there was an increase of 6,700 pupils.

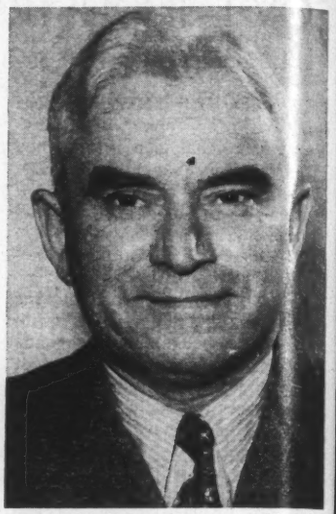
The result has been a mushrooming of handsome schools in every corner of the province, many of them architect's dreams of plate glass and rough cedar. The province's able Education Minister, William Straith, is so busy laying cornerstones that newsmen have difficulty catching him in his offices in the capital and he is rapidly becoming known as "the travelling minister."

TO TAXPAYERS who grumble about mounting costs for social services, Johnson has the businessman's pragmatic answer: "What are you going to do with these people? We're going to take care of them just as well as we possibly can."

Paradoxically, the expanding social services—which threaten to make BC the "California of Canada"—are the cause of much of the Government's internal trouble.

There was widespread public resentment last year when the BC Hospital Insurance Service (somewhat precipitately introduced in 1949) was subjected to a 27 per cent increase in rates. This bitterness was reflected in the recent Esquimalt by-election, when voters were treated to the spectacle of Coalition cabinet ministers sniping at each other from the public platforms. The result was that a 25-year-old plasterer and amateur boxing coach named Frank Mitchell, running as a CCF candidate, defeated both Coalition and independent nominees.

At one of the campaign meetings, the then Finance Minister Anscomb



—O

"BOSS" JOHNSON came out swinging.

decided to take his own private Gallup poll on public sentiment about hospital insurance. To a well-filled hall he said: "All those who don't want it, stand up!"

One man stood.

"You see?" Mr. Anscomb chuckled. "Everybody loves hospital insurance. They just hate paying for it."

Government fortunes were at a low ebb after the election; it was widely reported that Boss Johnson, who had taken an active part in the campaign, was ready to quit. He had been badly shaken by a head-on car collision near Quebec on September 29, 1950, which left him with painful leg and hip injuries, and a brace on his foot.

But towards the end of the year the Premier's fortunes, both physical and political, began to pick up. On Boxing Day, in a stubborn gesture of defiance, he took a three-mile walk without a cane. His dramatic announcement of the $82 million oil pipe-line was followed with news of the Celanese Corporation's $65 million venture into the Arrow Lakes district with pulp and paper.

Johnson, a doughty old lacrosse campaigner, was confronted by members of his own party at a recent executive meeting in Vancouver with a demand for an immediate end to Coalition, and a party convention "before the end of February." (The Legislature is due to convene February 19 and will do so despite the coalition break up.)

With his dander up, Boss Johnson is an impressive man. He came out swinging at his opponents. When the dust had settled the convention was set back to June; the Premier had fought his way back to a dominant position; even his erstwhile needlers were talking admiringly about "the new Boss Johnson."

His intimates say that the Premier has had a complete change of heart in the last few weeks. They think now that he will call a general election this year, possibly this summer. And they think he will lead the Liberals to victory.

I ENJOY A BAD HEART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

are impenetrable fastnesses, not to be trifled with, and almost as unknowable as the soul. And you don't trifle with souls, or deny a thirsty soul a drink.

This would be something to worry about, rather than secretly cheer about, if the heart patient were too fond of his little drink. For moderation in all things applies to heart sufferers even more than to those who are almost indecently healthy. And too much liquor can certainly be worse than none at all. But it is a comfort to be entitled to a drink now and then, as the heart, or even the mind, dictates.

Then there's the matter of smoking. Almost any doctor will take a dim view of the heart patient continuing to smoke, but if the strain on the will power and nerves is too great he will likely give in to some smoking—in moderation. And the quizzical shake of the doctor's head will be lessened if the patient adheres rigidly to some form of filtered smoking, through a medicated cigarette holder. Ah then, what comfort to loll back in bed and blow placid smoke rings at the ceiling, which after all is too familiar, too uninteresting, and needs to be shrouded in satisfying circles of smoke!

I justify my own smoking in this fashion. To my way of thinking, heart trouble is aggravated about 60 per cent by mental disturbance or worry and 40 per cent by physical excesses. And, to me, it would be more upsetting mentally to stop smoking than it is physically damaging.

Even these comforts are not all. It is a wise precaution, your doctor will tell you, to lie down and have a nap after meals. Ergo, I have a leather couch in my office and no one can take exception to the discreet cat-nap.

A word of warning perhaps is necessary here. Kind people will tend to spoil you, treating you as over-indulgent parents care for a delicate child. They will tend more and more to say, "Here let me do that!" and this soothing syrup conceivably can be carried too far, but how you'll love it. But don't get so coddled that you lose any of your native spark and zest. Always, however, accept that proferred ride home, if the day is cold or the snow deep. For there is nothing so hard on the heart patient as slogging home after work on a cold, windy day. And even a taxi ride is cheaper than one in an ambulance. The other two most important dont's are: Don't shovel or sweep; don't climb any unnecessary stairs. Beside those two physical "don'ts" I would place: Don't worry and don't get angry.

Other minor gains include the avoidance of unwanted social engagements which would mean extra nervous energy and late nights. The heart patient should always get plenty of sleep and avoid becoming tired.

I think perhaps that the only worry I have left concerns where I will die when the time comes. I do not want to die in the office washroom, or anywhere at the office for that matter, or on the street, or in a movie house. If I have any choice it will be in my own library, with my wife and son present, so that I may smile "au revoir" at least. And I'd like to have time and strength to say: "Nice knowing you."

And this account of the ramblings of a heart patient would not be complete without a very definite word of praise for my wife and all wives or husbands of heart patients. Theirs is the real cross. They have to work and fret until the longest day is done. It is their comfort, their labor that makes life easier for the mate with the weak heart, and they are the ones who worry far into the night.

Just as truly as I can say "I enjoy a bad heart," I can add that my heart condition has been far harder on my wife than on me. And I hope some day that she will write a sequel to this article ringing bells with long-suffering people like her who have borne the referred worry of a heart patient.

ANSWER MACHINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

Redhead, in charge of the tube laboratory, Division of Radio and Electrical Engineering of the National Research Council, claims the behaviour would be better termed "morning malaise."

When the vacuum tubes used in electronic calculating machines are first called upon to produce very short pulses of current after a period of idleness, they do not operate promptly at full capacity.

The effect, says Redhead, is due to the growth of a high resistance layer between the metallic core of the cathode (the source of electrons in the tube) and the cathode coating of barium-strontium oxides. It can be avoided by using suitable materials.

Because the pilot model built at the University of Toronto uses a comparatively small number of tubes (900 as compared with Harvard's Mark III computing machine, which uses 4,500) this defect causes no trouble.

However, tubes do blow out, and this throws out all the calculations until the defect is remedied. This does not necessarily mean that the problem must be started over again, since results are usually noted say, at the end of the first hour in a five-hour problem.

Even when machines that are a vast improvement over the new ones now being built come into existence, it will not mean that the machines take over. So far, they have only accomplished the purpose for which they were built, namely, to handle mathematical problems faster and more accurately, and to increase the size of the problems that can be tackled. If the Canadian machine achieves that, it will please Dr. Gotlieb and his associates.

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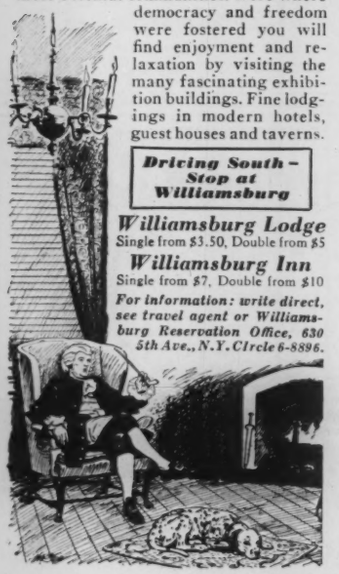

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BOOK REVIEWS

WITH A NOT-TOO-MODEST BOW

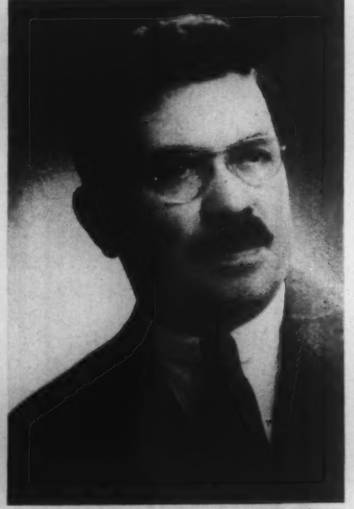
by B. K. Sandwell

A BOOK OF CANADIAN HUMOUR—John D. Robins & Margaret V. Ray — *Ryerson* — $4.50.

IF ANYBODY thinks that the periodical press is not an important sustainer of humor in Canada, he should look over the list of humorists whose work is drawn on for this anthology. There are 68 names. Eight of them are those of persons who at one time were, or now are, on the staff of SATURDAY NIGHT, and 16 more were at one time or still are quite frequent contributors. This does not include the persons, at least a dozen more in number, who have written a few pieces for this periodical but never became "regulars"; among these are J. E. McDougall, E. J. Pratt, Louis Blake Duff and Nora Lewis. Other periodicals represented are *Maclean's*, *The Goblin*, the Toronto *Telegram*, and Bob Edwards's famous *Calgary Eye-Opener*.

Of the just-over-a-hundred items in this collection, 23 are credited to SATURDAY NIGHT, and several others we suspect appeared originally in this paper but are credited to the volume in which they were later made more permanent. Another score are from other Canadian periodicals, and the rest are taken from humorous books, of which there has lately been quite a large outpouring. The Canadian public seems to be growing less insistent on having its books large, solemn and solid, and more willing to spend its money for pure amusement.

The author with the largest number of such books to his credit is, of course, Stephen Leacock, but Peter McArthur did not do badly even in those early days of Canadian humor, and in later years there have risen such extensive producers as Nellie McClung, Robertson Davies, Eric Nicol, John D. Robins (editor of this selection), Harry Symons and Peter Donovan. The one-humorous-book people are numerous, and most of them have done at least one other volume in the not-so-funny line—the serious novel, or history or economics or biography.



—Freeland Studio
JOHN D. ROBINS

The only authors born before Confederation in this volume are Grant Allen (whose Canadianism is dubious), James DeMille, W. H. Drummond, Sara Jeannette Duncan, Bob Edwards, Haliburton, George Ham, "The Khan", Lanigan, Peter McArthur (by one year), E. W. Thomson and Ethelwyn Wetherald. Of all this notable list the most accomplished story-teller, it seems to us, is the one who is probably least known to Canadians as one of themselves. This is E. W. Thomson, the first writer to perceive the charm of the habitant dialect as an expression of character. The fact that making a living in journalism kept Thomson's output of short stories down to one slim (and increasingly valuable) volume is one of the tragedies of Canadian literature.

Bell and Book

by John L. Watson

THE WINK—by Kem Bennett—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.25.

"THIS BOOK," the publishers confess on the flyleaf, "will horrify those who refuse to believe that the gods can laugh." How true. And how it will horrify those to whom the trappings of religion are more important than its substance, to whom ritual means more than reverence! On the other hand, how it will delight those who agree with Christopher Fry that "laughter is surely the surest touch of genius in creation . . . an irrelevancy which almost amounts to revelation"!

The Reverend William Henry Thoroughgood Anker, a sensible but somewhat stuffy Anglican divine, is holidaying at Mousseron in Normandy. In company with a rich, eccentric American widow he visits the local Catholic church. And the plaster cast of St. Philibert winks at him! A big, fat, irreverent wink, a naughty wink, an unsaintly wink; a wink that quite dislocates the atomic structure of the plaster and changes the expression of the face from cold benevolence to warm good-fellowship.

A miracle! The bells are rung, the populace marvels, the local businessmen and hotel proprietors begin to see in Mousseron another Lourdes—fame, celebrity, undreamed-of prosperity for all. *Vive St. Philibert! Vive le tourisme!* Out comes the Calvados and the happy village embarks on the biggest drunk since the Liberation.

Then the Bishop intervenes; a proud man who dreams of wearing a Cardinal's hat. So vulgar a miracle

—Osbert Lancaster
JACKET: "THE WINK"

ill befits the dignity of the Mother Church; it must be ascribed to the Devil, the church must be exorcised, penance must be done. Bang goes the balloon of prosperity! The village is stricken.

Enter l'Abbé Fougasse: a medievalist, a fanatic—the local expert on exorcism. Candles, incense, incantations—and *pouf!* the statue of St. Philibert disappears into thin air! But Fougasse knows the answer—someone is possessed of the Devil, endowed with magical powers by the Prince of Darkness. Who?—who else but the Reverend William Anker, the English heretic?

How the good padre is abducted and exorcised by the mad medievalist, how the statue is finally recovered and what takes place in the proud soul of Monseigneur de Moissac form the climax of this magnificently witty story by a truly adult and sophisticated humorist.

The Wider Field

by Paul Duval

THIRD ANNUAL OF ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL ART—*Burns & MacEachern*—$6.00.

THIS impressive volume is another graphic illustration of the increasingly close interrelationship between commercial and fine art which has marked Canadian art for the last four decades. The majority of Canada's prominent painters of the present and recent past have been engaged, at some time, in design for commerce. Tom Thomson and, with one exception, all of the famed Group of Seven, founded their careers as commercial designers.

Today, a high proportion of our creative artists are employed during weekdays at the business of lettering labels and turning out layouts, posters and illustrations. Thus, it should prompt small surprise that the names of many outstanding exhibiting painters are to be found in the list of contributors to this annual of "bread and butter" art. Alfred Pellan, Harold Town, William Winter, Walter Yar-

wood, Eric Aldwinkle, Jack Bush, Oscar Cahen . . . such names are to be found as regularly in public art gallery exhibits as they are in the pages of public print.

This third annual of Canadian commercial art also pays just tribute to those sometimes anonymous craftsmen who add so much pleasure and interest to day-to-day living. In newspapers, magazines, streetcars; on billboards and letterheads, these artists leave traces of their trained tastes and talents. They include photographers such as Ronny Jacques, Paul Rockett, John Steele and Peter Croydon; designers Leslie Trevor, Carl Dair, Claire Stewart and Charles Fainmel; cartoonists Len Norris, Peter Whalley and Doug Wright; illustrators Franklin Arbuckle, Ed McNally, Ted Harris; and fashion artists Jean Miller and Yolande De Lorme-Cyr. Such artisans are perhaps the largest single factor in developing the visual art tastes of the Canadian public: their art is constantly viewed by millions and must leave a very real impression upon the population's trends and degree of taste.

The Third Art Directors' Annual of advertising and editorial art contains the complete collection of outstanding Canadian design achievement which comprised the 1951 Art Directors' Exhibition. This show, sponsored by the Art Directors' Club of Toronto, is the nation's sole important exhibit of its kind. The Annual presents a cross-section of this exhibition, in miniature, and should prove a valuable guide and spur to all Canadians concerned with the design or use of commercial art.

Now Let Me See....

by J. L. Charlesworth

THREE WEEKS TO A BETTER MEMORY — by Brendan Byrne—*Winston*—$3.95.

SYSTEMS for improving the memory are published so regularly that they must fill a need. Since, basically, they are all the same, it is better economy to buy one that, like this, comes in a single, moderately-priced book, than to pay considerably more for one that comes disguised as a correspondence course.

The most obvious purpose of improving one's memory is as a practical aid to business success, and Mr. Byrne's system, if properly followed, will render you able to memorize telephone numbers and help you to associate people's names with their faces. Business success is not guaranteed, but it is pleasant to think that, if it arrives, you will have a secretary to make your telephone calls for you.

One curious occupational hazard peculiar to inventors of mnemonic systems is their tendency to forget all previous inventors of similar systems. Mr. Byrne quotes William James, doubtless from memory—they all do —but he seems to have forgotten Pelman and Roth (inventor of Mr. Addison Simms of Seattle) not to speak of Carneades of Athens and Metrodorus of Scepsis, whose systems were admired by Cicero. (These names are kindly recalled by the 11th edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, still the best extant substitute for a good memory.)

Mind Boiled Down

by Bernard Keble

A FEW BUTTONS MISSING — by James T. Fisher and Lowell S. Hawley — *Longmans, Green—$4.75.*

HAVING been born in 1864, Dr. Fisher, one of the earliest of American psychiatrists, has some right to lie on his office sofa and dictate his inmost thoughts to Mr. Hawley, who has made them into a book which only occasionally reminds us that it was not written by its purported narrator. It is a most instructive book, and Dr. Fisher seems to be a very wise man.

His contempt for the kind of psychology which can be learned from "the super-dehydrated concentration of an abbreviated article in a vest-pocket magazine" is unbounded, and yet he himself manages to tell us a great deal about that science with a minimum use of the Freudian technical terms. His disinclination to let religion be elbowed out by the newer forms of science is vividly shown by his statement that if you took the whole of the best modern writing on mental hygiene by the best qualified psychiatrists, boiled it down, refined it, and got it restated by the most capable of living poets, "you would have an awkward and incomplete summation of the Sermon on the Mount."

Our Fourth Estate

by R. A. Farquharson

CUB REPORTER—by Jack Hambleton—*Longmans, Green—$3.00.*

IT IS NOT usual for a character to review his own author nor is it recommended as a means of securing objective criticism. There is no doubt, however, that finding yourself and your friends main characters in a novel adds a lively interest to reading.

"Cub Reporter" is a work of fiction only to the extent that the cub himself is a fictitious character. Everyone else mentioned is not only real but easily recognizable. The events all happened though not in the same order. The author has done a service to newspaper work by writing in lively fashion an honest description of the problems that face a boy trying to get a newspaper job and the discouragements as well as the successes when he starts work.

Tow Walden, the cub, gets launched much younger than reporters now do and with far less education than is now demanded. Newspapers, fortunately, are all setting higher standards of performance than a boy with an incomplete high-school education can attain.

In Canadian newspaper circles the writer knows no one wider known or better liked from coast to coast than Ken MacTaggart. Under the disguise of Mack Taggart, Hambleton has done a lifelike portrait of Ken that will be appreciated by all his friends. In the same way the veteran photographer Nels Quarrington, disguised as Bill Quarrington, conducts himself in fiction as he has always done in real life, a credit to both himself and his paper.

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WRITERS AND WRITING

■ During Toronto Transportation strike people are reported to have started reading more books. Battling home from work and down town again in search of spectator-sport or entertainment became too much of an ordeal so they ambled to book stores and settled for participant entertainment.

If we were not the literary type of writer—and we're not—we'd say:

"What do you know?"

■ We hear a rumor that MAZO DE LA ROCHE's "coming up" event is a play. Hope it's true.

■ In January, DORIS HEDGES, Montreal, whose first novel, "Dumb Spirit," a fanciful study of reincarnation with Montreal background is being published this month in England with a Canadian edition, read selections from her own works of poetry on invitation of the Poetry Society of America at the New York Public Library. Miss Hedges is one of the few Canadian members to take part in this venture.

■ What of the young booksellers of today? What will they be like when they become the old booksellers of tomorrow? These ruminations are caused by a feeling of sadness on hearing of the passing of ALFRED T. CHAPMAN, Mointreal. We did not know Mr. Chapman but he was the oldest bookseller in Montreal and one of the two oldest in Canada, known in the trade as "A. T." He was a literary institution to bookish people; born in Birmingham, England, came to Montreal in 1890; later established Chapman's Book Store, continuing direction of firm until his death and contributing brilliantly to cultural life of city.

■ ROY BRITNELL, Bookseller, we've known about a quarter of a century and we think he'll be in business at least a quarter of a century longer: a satisfying place to go for talk on books, politics and overhanging signs and one needn't necessarily agree: in fact there would be no zest to the visit if one did.

■ Same day, two Middle East authorities, flew, separate ways, into town. Both are writers who have dodged death digging for truth in an objective way.

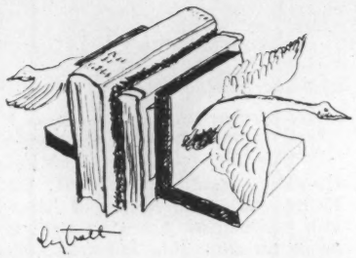
Morning coffee we had with JOHN ROY CARLSON, McClelland & Stewart author of authentic-adventure books "Under Cover", "The Plotters", "Cairo to Damascus" etc.

Tea hour we spent with HAL LEHRMAN, whose book "Israel: The Beginning and To-morrow" is George J. McLeod offering. Author has received two fellowships, Guggenheim and Council of Foreign Relations, for his studies.

Both authors are American: Mr. Carlson of Armenian extraction: Mr. Lehrman, Jewish. Each is youngish, late thirties and fortyish. Each is a fluent talker and lecturer. Each has more than average engaging personality.

Mr. Carlson felt it was an advantage to take photographs and write copy not as an accredited correspondent of one publication. He was not handicapped by a native understanding of Eastern minds and fact his face was international type not out of place in any country, except, perhaps, Ireland. He believed in studying the masses.

Mr. Lehrman, Cornell graduate, taught history at Cornell before he became a prolific writer and on-spot observer and reporter on modern



Israel. His first-hand acquaintance with Israeli leaders was, he felt, an advantage.

Each in his individual way, brings us a new book which should stimulate constructive thinking.

■ Our friend, ISHBEL ROSS RAE, of New York writes to us of many things including news that she is finishing off Civil War biography for Harper's that she laid aside to do her book on the blind which was an Appleton request job of last year. She is also doing some work for *Reader's Digest*.

■ At the Sir Charles G. D. Roberts Memorial Night of the Toronto Branch Canadian Authors' Association held in the Women's Art Association it was delightful to meet MARIAN KEITH, author of "Duncan Polite" and many other Canadian perennials. She belonged to that writing coterie of women—Nellie McClung, Emily Murphy, L. M. Montgomery and others who have influenced young scribblers for the past half-century. She has that quiet, indestructible quality that enabled her to give a gently humorous little speech. Living in Toronto, she is working on another book. After many years of writing at odd moments she is free to work on a schedule. —*Rica*

OTTAWA VIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

The *Union Nationale* machine is still a strong force to reckon with, and it's very doubtful whether Lapalme has been able to arouse any great enthusiasm for the Liberals in the Provincial field.

In Ontario, events may bring to Ottawa the man whom Ottawa wanted as Provincial leader. Jack Browne of Kitchener had the support of Federal Ministers in the Provincial convention which elected Thomson. He stood in the recent Provincial election in his home town, and was beaten by 150 votes, thanks mainly to Thomson's campaign. Now the Federal seat will be vacant when Louis Breithaupt goes to Toronto as Lieutenant-Governor. So Jack Browne may find himself translated to the Federal parliament.

In Walter Thomson's own riding, Ontario, the Liberals have more difficulty finding a good candidate for the Federal house. Thomson resigned a long time ago, but there has been no word of a by-election yet.

CROWN IN CANADA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

If the first Canadian-born Governor General conceives it his duty to be first and foremost (I might almost say exclusively) the loyal, devoted and most confidential servant of His Majesty, if he misses no opportunity to make the Canadian people understand that it is His Majesty who actually "reigns" over Canada, if he does all in his power to make it possible and easy for His Majesty, whenever he can come among his Canadian subjects, to exercise those rights which are still the essence of the monarchy in relation to the wielders of power (the rights "to be consulted, to advise and to warn"), if he makes it clear that he himself exercises those rights solely as a delegation from His Majesty—then he will raise both the monarchy and the Governor Generalship, both the inherited post and the delegated post, both the Kingship and the position of the King's servant, to a level which they have never enjoyed in Canada. And that is a task which can be vastly better performed *for Canadians* by a Canadian than by anybody from outside of the country. The King will be nearer to us when the man who is nearest to the King in Canada is one of ourselves.

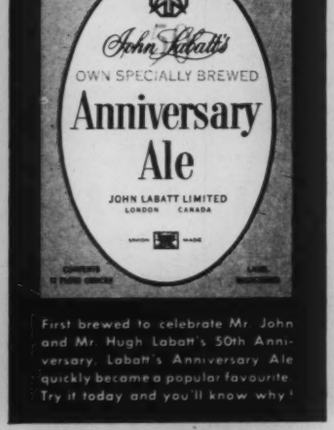
Unfortunately, the changes in procedure relative to the appointment of the Governor General, which are accompanying the change in the nationality of that officer, seem calculated to have precisely the opposite effect. Mr. Warren Baldwin in the *Globe and Mail* describes them as eliminating "any possibility of continuing the myth that the King has any part in choosing his personal representative in Canada."

If this is a correct description of what actually goes on when a Governor General is appointed, the only comment must be that it reduces the Governor General to a senior civil servant, and abolishes also the "myth" that the King or his so-called representative is any kind of a factor in the Canadian parliamentary system, whatever he may be in the British one.

Happy Anniversary

TOMMY TWEED

A leading light in Canadian radio for almost two decades, Tommy Tweed has played many parts with an unusual variety of voices. With one voice, Canadian listeners will join in congratulating him on his 18th Anniversary in radio! When you're celebrating an anniversary, remember Labatt's Anniversary Ale—the ale that's specially brewed for glad occasions. You'll enjoy Anniversary Ale more, enjoy it longer, because of its *special* lightness and smoothness. There's nothing better for your full enjoyment than the lightest, smoothest ale of all—Labatt's Anniversary. Next time make sure it's a better time—order a case or two of Anniversary Ale.* John Labatt Limited.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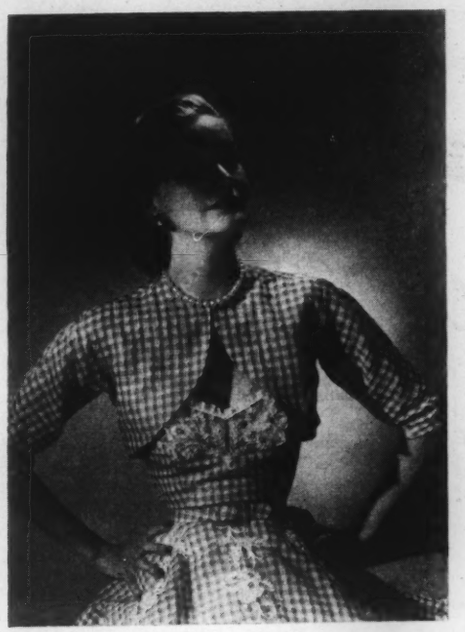
MINIATURE BELT tied in a bow at back of the dress gives the waistline a smooth moulded line.



CURVED BOLERO, close-fitting, scarcely more than a stand-in for a pair of sleeves, on cotton.

SASHES AND BOWS are used in new ways. Also seen: braiding, grosgrain binding, fewer buttons.

WORLD OF WOMEN

NEW WAYS WITH SPRING STYLES

WATCH FOR—
The shape of the skirt to dominate the silhouette . . . Full skirts fluffed out over petticoats remain important for youthful summery charm . . . Many full skirts all fluttering pleats . . . But the newest-looking are narrower and smooth-hipped, shaped by gores and linings to stand away from the figure in a well-defined roundness . . . Suits give you a choice of narrow or full skirt, but the jacket is invariably short, fitted and "young."

WATCH FOR—
The wrapped waist, with wide silk sash, velvet corselet, cummerbund or "bandage folds" of the dress fabric arranged against a boned underbodice . . . The shaped waist, with narrow gores, fine boning, wide belts . . . Trick cuts of the silhouette that nip in the waistline to doll proportions . . . We are in an era of elaborate "hidden" dressmaking, linings, interlinings, boning and underbodies.

WATCH FOR—
The Hourglass torso, a new body-beautiful effect of gores or boning curved amply from armhole to hipbone with a full skirt below. It's a blend of the hourglass figure of the Nineties and the middy shape of the Twenties.

WATCH FOR—
Shoulders to remain natural, but look wider because of the puffiness of low placed sleeves . . . Armholes are deeper with strict modelling below . . . Some form of sleeve interest in most dresses.

WATCH FOR—
Intricate cutting and seaming to individualize the silhouette and decorate at the same time . . . Horseshoe seams moulding in the midriff . . . Diagonal lines and side points on suit jackets . . . Trick folds and abstract cut giving unusual shape to necklines.

WATCH FOR—
The Spring daytime "uniform" to be a dress instead of a suit . . . Most designers feature sheer wool and textured silk dresses designed to walk out as complete costumes . . . Many straight little cardigan jackets, moulded little Spencer jackets and rounded boleros over slender dresses.

ALL-OVER STITCHING, fine and close-spaced, creates new texture, gives skirt swing and sway.

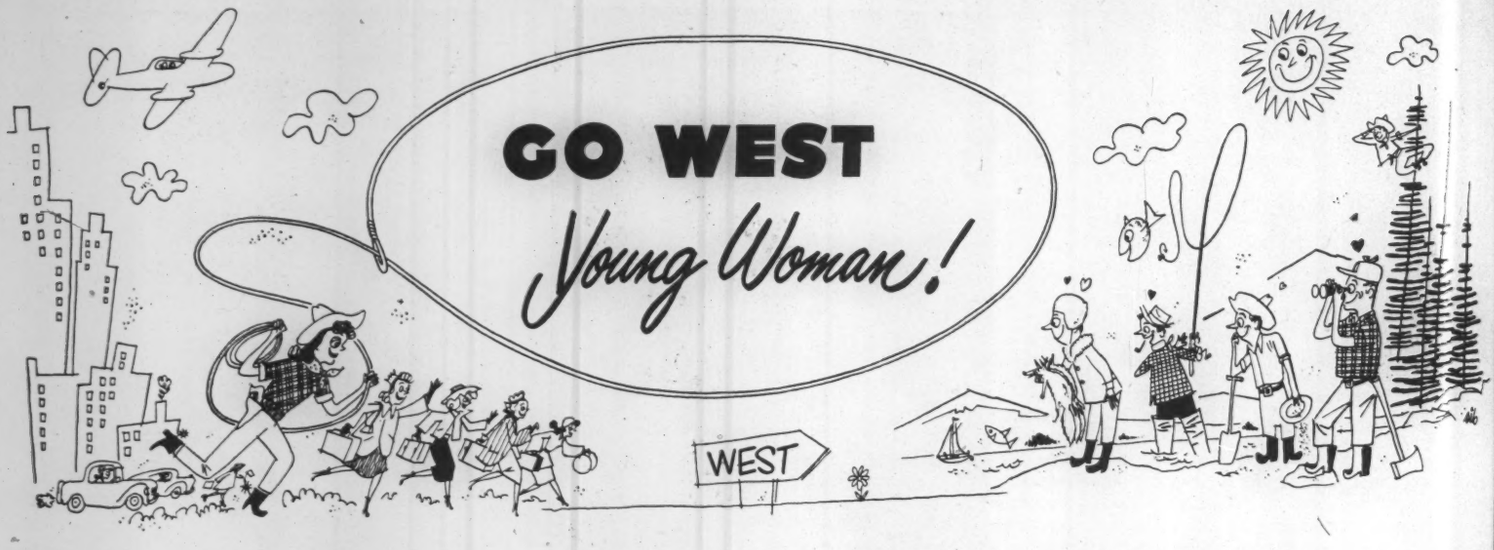
WATCH FOR—
The straight and narrow duster coat and the fitted coat to share top honors, with the loose coat moving into the background . . . Many transparent coats in chiffon and novelty sheer wool, silk organdy and organza.

WATCH FOR—
Soft pretty color to pervade all of fashion . . . Black is greatly outshone by beiges, blues, Italian reds and pinks . . . Navy blue is supplanted by lighter-than-navy . . . White is the biggest "color" news for daytime, even in city suits of flannel, raw silk and linen . . . Oxford grey gives place to beige and pale pearl grey.

WATCH FOR—
A covered-up evening trend . . . Fool-the-eye boleros that melt into the bodice and come off for dancing . . . Many wide draped halters . . . A "pretty doll" evening look made up of full blown skirts, delicate bodies, petticoats and multi-layered skirts, delectable colors, diaphanous fabrics, flowers and jewels for trimming.

—New York Dress Institute

CONCAVE DIAPHRAGM effect is emphasized by slenderizing devices such as boning, tucks, etc.



IF YOUR OBJECT is matrimony—go west, young woman. Yes, that's what the nice census man says.

"If you're a maid who would marry," as the song in "Kiss Me, Kate" puts it, you're lucky to be a Canadian because Canada is one of the few modern nations to have a surplus of men, 300,000 of them to be exact, according to the last census.

Catch: You'll have to migrate to the wide open spaces to catch your Tom, Harry or Dick.

But if you choose the right spot, like Gadsby or Castle River, both in Alberta, or British Columbia's Queen Charlotte Islands, with any luck at all you should be a "Mrs." before you're even missed back home.

As R. J. Needham said on the editorial page of the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, "You Toronto girls, if it's a husband you're after . . . put on your best bonnet, take the next plane and head straight for the rolling hills of the Sunshine Province." (He meant Alberta, but it goes for BC, Saskatchewan and Manitoba too.) "If you can't catch one there, you can't catch one anywhere."

And there's a lonely Alberta bachelor who went junketing around Great Britain who could say, "Check!" to that. Dan Wood, a prosperous rancher from Gadsby, boarded ship for the British Isles, where the women outnumber the men five to four, with the parting shot: "There wasn't enough women to go around in Gadsby. I'm sick of doing my own cooking." As he saw it, the rich ranching country was a no-woman's-land of bachelors all panting for brides, but with no takers.

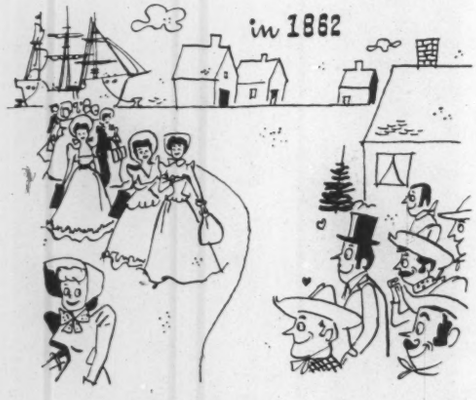
REPORTS DIDN'T SAY if *cherchez la femme* was the *raison d'etre* of his trip to the United Kingdom, but if it was, it won't be the first time that brides were a British export to a predominantly masculine Canada.

Back in the 1860's thousands of miners who flooded the rich Cariboo gold stakes discovered that a poke of gold nuggets couldn't buy happiness. On Vancouver Island, along the Fraser River and into the interior Cariboo there were 6,000 prospectors and only four or five of them with wives. Rest of the women of the rip-roaring, gold-mad mining camps were American dance hall wenches, known as "hurdy gurdy girls," who would frisk a man friend as fast as smile at him.

by Margaret Ecker Francis

The bishops of Oxford and London got word of the situation and formed the British Columbia Emigration Society which collected together several hundred orphan girls and shipped them off to the new colony. Aboard one of these "bride ships," the *Tynemouth*, which sailed from Britain in 1862, a sturdy matron and a clergyman chaperoned 60 eager, hopeful young ladies. When the news reached the west coast, fevers began to run high, and there was a plot, frustrated, to kidnap the marriageable lasses when the boat docked for supplies at San Francisco.

Hours before the ship reached Fort Victoria the entire population was lined up along the wharves. When the decorous crocodile of buxom, (a contemporary report uses this word and ex-



plains "they had been chosen with a desire to create a pleasing first impression") young girls marched off the ship, it took the entire military force of the fort to prevent a riot and mass kidnapping.

Again, according to the contemporary report, as the procession filed off the landing stage, "one lonely settler who had walked miles for the occasion gazed with appraising eyes at each girl. Finally he stepped forward, grasped one of them by the hand and drew her out of the ranks. She did not demur. Admiration seemed mutual and marriage followed quickly and they lived happily ever after." This seems to be the love story of almost all the brave young ladies who sailed westward to the new colony.

BUT HOLD HARD, girls, things have changed since those days. Give it a bit of thought before beseeching your local clergyman to organize a "Bride Train", or "Bride Plane". Men have changed, and so have eligible women. That's the complaint of the lonesome boys of the wide open spaces. Pioneer women came west prepared for hard work.

Apparently they felt it was fair exchange for the wide gold band on the third finger.

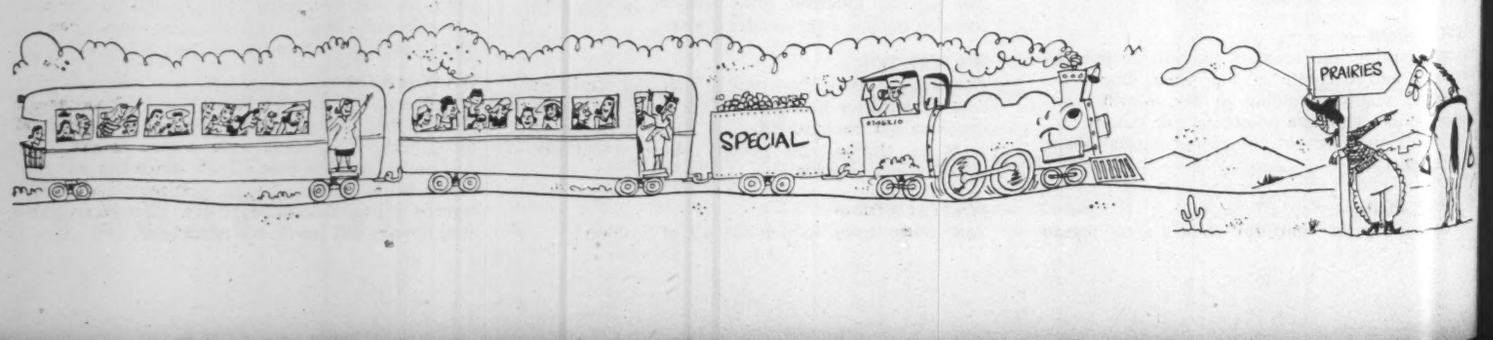
"Modern females won't have anything to do with a ranching life," moaned one rancher. "They want electric lights and running water and all the modern conveniences."

A clever, not un-handsome mining engineer wept on my shoulder at a recent mining convention: "Gosh, Maggy," he confessed, "I'm crazy about my job, and to me the north is the greatest country in the world. But I guess if I'm ever going to get married and have a family I'll have to find a job in the city. The type of girl I'd like to marry just doesn't seem to have any use for an outdoor life."

PERHAPS these two men, eligible bachelors both of them, have the secret of why in Manitoba there are 26,000 more males than females; in Saskatchewan, 59,000; in Alberta, 56,000; British Columbia, 52,000. Think of it, in all of Quebec, there are only 14,000 more men than women, and in the cities there are about 53,000 more women than men. Rural Ontario can boast 7,000 more men than women, but in Ontario towns and cities there are 43,000 more women than men.

What's a girl to do?

With the eastern situation so gloomy, let's have another examination of the western husband material. In Alberta, for example, at present 27,000 spinsters, between 20 and 34, share 48,000 bachelors. There are 3,000 more men than women between 35 and 39; a surplus of 5,000 men between



40 and 44. And after all, aren't men in their thirties and forties more mature, better established in life?

But just a minute, bachelor girls, don't start dreaming of a gay life in foothills Calgary, or oil-rich Edmonton. Merry towns they both are socially, friendly and carefree, but as a newcomer you have only a sporting chance. The male and female population is just about evenly divided.

However, you can take a few riding lessons, western style, get yourselves some boots and a saddle, and wahoo, wahoo, wahoo, because there are single men in them thar ranching foothills. It's in the ranching and farming country that, so it is reported, from time to time one sees on gates the cryptic, intriguing signs: "Wife Wanted."

It was out in the wide-open prairie spaces that a well-known woman agricultural expert had this experience. She was making a survey of thoroughbred horses in one region when she heard that a farmer in an isolated section had a particularly fine team of horses. She climbed into her car and rattled off to see them. When she arrived at a farm with large prosperous buildings and a manicured look she found the farmer in a state of hysteria because his valuable horses were both sick.

As is usual on the prairies, there wasn't much conversation as she set about examining the horses and diagnosing their condition. When she had finished, she had apparently impressed the owner that the treatment she had prescribed would work, and he invited her into the farmhouse for dinner, which he explained was on the stove cooking.

He served her up a fine, hearty bachelor meal still without much sparkling repartee. When they'd eaten, the woman, being a good sort, gave him a hand with the dishes and then announced she must be on her way.

"Aw shucks," said the farmer, suddenly shy-like, "don't go. I sure need a wife like you. My place's doin' fine, but it ain't much fun without a woman around. How's about stayin'?"

She didn't accept the invitation, but when she tells the story she still points out that he was a right nice man with a money-making farm, snug house and fine livestock. "And I think he would make a good husband for some farm-minded girl, if you could just bring the two of them together."

ONE AGENCY that has brought lonely country men and capable young women together is the school boards of the west. As one Saskatchewan school trustee said: "Sometimes I think we might as well forget trying to staff our schools and run a matrimonial bureau instead. Our teachers hardly have their trunks unpacked before some prosperous young farmer up and marries them."

And in many cases that wouldn't be hard to take, spinsters. Not very long ago I visited a school teacher who had married a farmer some years ago. Today, in the centre of their 160,000-acre farm, they live in a contemporary-type house that might have come straight from the pages of a home and garden magazine. Near them are two pleasant colonial farmhouses where their sons are raising husky families.

They maintain a smart apartment in the nearest city where they move when the crops are in and the snow begins to drift high in the fence corners. But they are just there for a few weeks, over Christmas maybe, since they spend most of the winter months motoring to California or Florida. Heigh-ho for a life on a rolling field of wheat.

MAYBE you have your sights trained on BC's 42,000 surplus males. Sorry, you won't find them in Victoria, Vancouver, or such pleasant interior towns as Penticton, Cranbrook or Chilliwack. They're on Queen Charlotte Islands, logging, fishing or mining. (They do say it's beautiful indeed up there when it's not raining.) Or in the ranch-rich Cariboo, or along the melodramatically Wagnerian coastal fjords or the pine-guarded, torrentuous northern rivers.

Heard two university girls gossiping recently. They were both pharmacy students and one was crowing that on graduation she was going to enter a large metropolitan pharmacy, through her father's influence. The other girl shook her friend back on her heels by announcing she was going to open a pharmacy in a northern BC mining town.

"That's ridiculous, you could get a dozen jobs in Vancouver or Victoria," the first girl remarked.

"Yes, I know," said the practical one. "But in a city I'd be just another single woman. In the town I'm going to the girls are scarce, the mining men are rich. They say you can't miss up there."

Sensible lass that she is, she's following the sound economic principle of taking her product where the demand exceeds the supply.

THAT'S WHERE all you city girls can outsmart the country girls. They're all migrating to the cities at the first opportunity, ostensibly to get a city job, but, the boys back home moan, actually to catch a city husband who can provide them with a modern suburban home, automatic washing machine, green-tiled bathroom, and other comforts.

That may make competition even stiffer in the metropolitan matrimonial marathon, but it leaves the field clear for the town girls who think there might be lots worse things than galloping beside their husbands across the rolling hills of their own ranches.

Worse things than watching a combine lumber across your own acres of wheat, knowing that when the harvest is in, there will be money in the bank and winter months of leisure. Worse things than the boisterous, friendly life of a small mining settlement that seems to crouch on the edge of an eternity of evergreen forests, canyons and ore-tinted mountains.

So there you have it, girls. Farms, ranches, the northland, that's where the men are, and that's where the money is. The choice is yours—bachelor girl in the big town or wife in the wide-open spaces.

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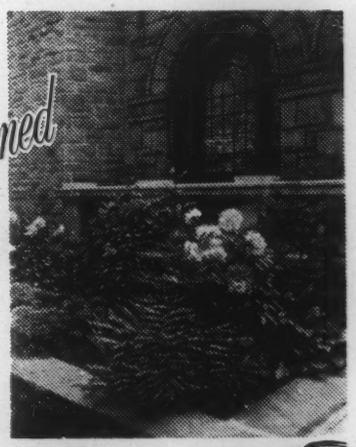

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ABOUT WOMEN

■ Youngest Canadian to be included as an Olympic entry is 16-year-old skier LUCILLE WHEELER. But she's got the record to back the choice. She was four-time winner of the Taschereau downhill and was triple winner in the Junior Dominion Championships when she was only 14.

■ The NY State Health Department is to have its first Canadian on its permanent civil service list in the capacity of an assistant health officer. She's DR. THELMA S. MINER, a graduate of the universities of Alberta and Toronto. She worked as a medical officer for the Saskatchewan government.

■ Over in London, England, violinist BETTY-JEAN HAGEN of Edmonton and Calgary made her debut at Wigmore Hall. Said the Daily Express critic: "What a joy to hear such a true tone, such bold style. That way greatness lies."

■ The Winnipeg Winter Club has a pair of champs in FRANCES ABBOTT and JOAN BERGMAN. They recently captured the Western Canadian Figure Skating Pair championship.

■ Back with their Alma Mater are two University of New Brunswick grads. Both, too, are recently returned Beaverbrook Overseas Scholars. DR. ALTHEA A. WARREN, formerly of Moncton, joined UNB's staff as a Research Fellow in Biology. She graduated in 1939; obtained her MA from Clark University and her PhD from Toronto; spent last year doing post-doctoral research at the University of London. CATHERINE SIMCOCK of Fredericton joined UNB's staff as lecturer in Economics. She graduated in 1945 and held a Beaverbrook Scholarship for two years at the University of London.

■ Montreal has a new women's press club—*Le Cercle des Femmes Journalistes*. New President is LAURE HURTEAU, Women's Editor of *La Presse*.

■ We've mentioned before about the first woman to be Editor-in-Chief of *The Varsity*, undergraduate newspaper of the University of Toronto. Now we've discovered that three Maritime universities have elevated women to that top position—all "firsts", too. At University of New Brunswick, BETTY LOU VINCENT was elected just before close of term for Christmas and runs the 84-year-old weekly, *The Brunswicker*. Betty Lou is third year Arts, comes from Fair Vale. At Mount Allison University, Sackville, NB, NANCY SEMPLE has been Editor-in-Chief since September. Nancy comes from Three Rivers, Que., is in her last year, in Honor English. And from Acadia University, Wolfville, NS, came a surprise. Not only is the Editor-in-Chief a woman but she is a U.S. citizen; comes from Cambridge, Mass. Also she has an unusual name for a woman. BROOKE EARLE is in her last year, majoring in English, History and Economics; plans to attend Columbia University, New York, for journalism course and then she says, "I should like to come back to Canada, because I like Canada, Canadians and the leisurely pace at which they live."

LIGHTER SIDE

ARE THERE ANY QUESTIONS?

by Mary Lowrey Ross

(Note: The following rough draft of a speech prepared for the Ladies' Wednesday Current Events Club was found in a milk bottle floating on the front lawn. It is presented here in the hope that it will throw some light on the vital and often confusing issue of Resale Price Maintenance legislation.)

DEAR Madam Chairman and Ladies:

I am delighted to see such a large and encouraging audience and to observe the exceptional and intelligent interest that is being taken in a subject of vital importance to each and every one of us.

When one studies the issue of Resale Price Maintenance, two important principles assert themselves immediately. The practice of Resale Price Maintenance encourages competition, which is the life-blood of our national economy. It also tends to eliminate the spirit of free enterprise, which is recognized as the basic element in the Canadian way of life. It is very important to keep these two principles clearly in mind if we are to form an intelligent estimate of the whole Resale Price Maintenance picture.

Now in any national crisis—and, mark my words, this is a national crisis of the first magnitude—it has always been an inspiration to observe how important groups are ready to draw together often at the sacrifice of their own interest in order to resist any invasion of the rights and principles that are inherent in our democracy. It was deeply impressive therefore to see how our manufacturers and retailers drew up shoulder to shoulder to protest against the principle of Resale Price Maintenance, and to express their indignation at a bill passed, if my information is correct, while many of the members had withdrawn to the press gallery to play cribbage, and *while our boys were overseas!*

One Half pint 10% cereal cream. No milk.

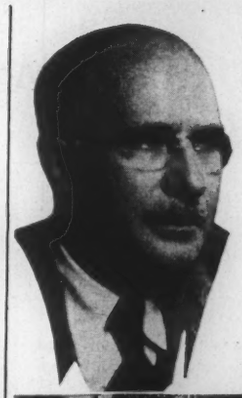
(Note: the above was obviously intended for the instruction of the milkman and need not be taken as having any bearing on the problem of Resale Price Maintenance. The speaker continues further down:)

"I appear to have made a slight error in statement a little while back. The manufacturers and retailers drew up shoulder to shoulder to protest *against the abolition* of Resale Price Maintenance, not in its behalf. In addition, the small retailers have become alarmed and are protesting against the ban on Resale Price Maintenance, or RPM as it is usually called. Incidentally, we must be extremely careful not to confuse RPM with OSU, the new non-competitive system of Ontario Public School report cards. And may I say here that, as wives and mothers, we should all stand shoulder to shoulder in our insistence on a Pass Mark Maintenance system [PMM] if our children are to be properly prepared for entrance into a world of free enterprise and open competition. In this connection too it is helpful to bear in mind the courageous example of the heroic Dutch captain who stuck to his ship, the "Free Enterprise" after it had rolled over three times!)

Now the small retailers object to the Resale Price Maintenance system on the ground that it is likely to start a price war in which they, as small retailers are likely to be eliminated. No, sorry, my mistake. They believe that the *abolition* of the Resale Price Maintenance system will start a price war. Now at the risk of being classified as a Price-War-monger, let me say firmly, here and now, bring on your Price War! The sufferings of the little retailer under a price war won't be nearly as distressing as the sufferings endured by the little consumer under the prevailing Price Peace.

This brings us naturally to the subject of loss-leaders, a point on which a great deal has been written, much of it very confusing to the uninitiated. A very simple explanation here is all that is necessary. A loss-leader is any piece of merchandise that has proved so unacceptable at the price at which it has been offered that any release from that price makes it a loss-leader. In other words it is an article that is sold by the retailer at less than the mark-up established, while not exceeding the mark-down that will insure a reasonable profit in any corresponding or differing line of goods. Does this make good, clear, economic commonsense, ladies? In my opinion it most emphatically does. To get down to a concrete case, I know an intelligent and thrifty consumer who last year papered her entire house with loss-leaders and who tells me she has been clothing her entire family with loss-leaders for years.

To sum up: Remember the practice of Resale Price Maintenance is absolutely necessary if we are to have orderly marketing, stabilized prices and ethical merchandizing — conditions that are offset, of course by the fact that it is rigid, inflationary, anti-social and designed to shake the public confidence in the competitive system. Believe me, ladies that is the real core of our national problem, which will never be solved by such peripheral activities as designing a new National flag, or dropping the word Dominion.



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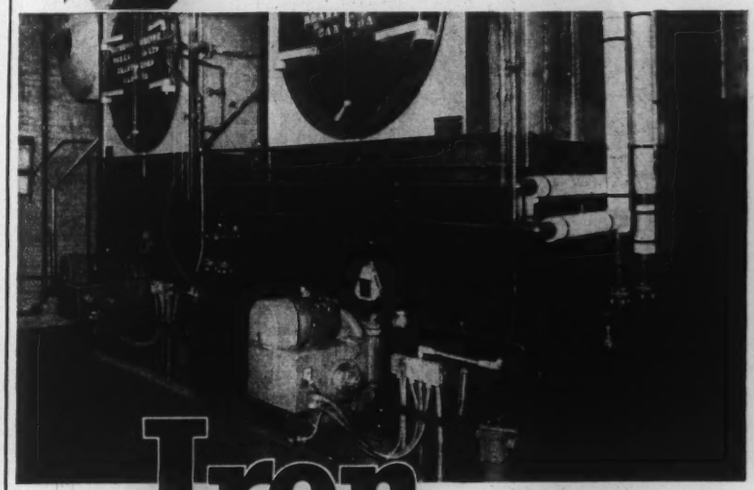
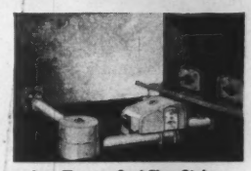
—Mr. Sidney Quinton, owner, Quinton's, Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada

"In our growing business (cleaning and dyeing) cleanliness and increased steam output were our primary concerns. Upon installing two Iron Fireman Rotary oil burners we not only achieved those two factors but cut overall operating costs as well. Based on my own experience, I wholeheartedly recommend Iron Fireman equipment."



Above are the two Iron Fireman Rotary oil burners owned by Quinton's, Ltd. Steam is used for heating and processing. These burners use No. 6 oil and are equipped with fully automatic controls. Rated capacity of each burner is 35 gallons per hour.

Iron Fireman



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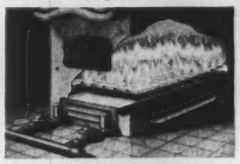

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THE FABULOUS BRADENS

. . . in next week's issue

—The Story of Barbara and Bernard

THEATRE

PURITANISM IS STILL STRONG

by Lucy Van Gogh

YES, the Puritan spirit and its twentieth-century successor, the Hays (now the Breen) Office, still dominate the American stage. In English comedy about bedroom doors the young woman goes into the bedroom; in American comedy she raps on the door and then runs away.

That is one of the differences, and they are many and important, between "The Moon Is Blue" by F. Hugh Herbert, lately performed at the Royal Alexandra in Toronto, and "The Voice of the Turtle", with which American critics are fond of comparing it. Both plays are about bedroom doors, and both go to pieces after the approach to the bedroom door, which is the common weakness of all such plays. But the English one does not go to pieces so badly, because it is about a very real human characteristic—physical desire, which is just sufficiently mixed up with affection to make it rather charming and not too vulgar. The American play is, as critic Herbert Whittaker has rightly remarked, about a young woman being cute.

In the second act of "The Moon Is Blue" she is being cute in the bachelor apartment of a young New York architect who has just been thrown over by his fiancée; and she has been busy being cute ever since the play opened on top of the Empire State Building, where they have picked each other up. Around midnight the architect has his eye blacked by her father, a New York cop with the stern moral principles which have done so much for American drama ever since "Way Down East". At 2 a.m. she comes back to explain that she is really a girl of stern moral principles herself. The architect, who has had a hard day, goes to bed. She raps; she runs; the curtain falls. There is nothing left but a cute proposal of marriage on top of the Empire State Building.

The necessary complications are provided by an amoral and wealthy Southerner, father of the architect's ex-fiancée—a lady who is clearly far from cute, and whom this critic for one ardently but vainly desired to see. The Southerner's lines are admirably delivered by Hiram Sherman. Even he is drawn into the aura of cuteness.

THERE is an astonishing resemblance between the Russian estate-owners before they were abolished, as depicted by Chekhov, and the Southern States estate-owners after they were abolished, as depicted by Lillian Hellman. Neither of them are a good advertisement for the keeping of slaves as a means of developing resourcefulness and adaptability in the keepers. The kind of society which has to deal with the United Automobile Workers and the Toronto Street Railway Union is obviously bound to be much brighter and more energetic, if it is going to survive, than the kind of society which gets its work done by people who can be flogged if they don't do it.

Both as play and as performance "The Autumn Garden" was nearer to "The Three Sisters" than any other show I have seen at Toronto's Royal Alex in the several years that have intervened between them. Both are studies in futility and inertia, and both were acted by a group of very clever people escaping for a pleasant interval from the drudgery of Hollywood. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge and Laura Pierpont are players whom one can scarcely ever see outside of the films or the New York Rialto, and it was indeed tragic that they should be kept out of reach of a large part of their Toronto public by a slight disagreement over wages in the transport industry.

THERE is, however, one difference between the Russians and the Southerners. The Russian aristocrats had had great ancestors, and Chekhov made one feel that they themselves had great potentialities which had gone astray. No play that I have ever seen about the contemporary South has convinced me that the Southerners had either race or potentialities. It may be that the climate and the mint juleps have been undermining them too long since Patrick Henry asked for liberty or death, which after all was nearly two centuries ago.

The keynote of the piece is inability to get away, and the one person who does get away is a young German refugee girl. The general cannot get away from his wife, the bachelor from his liquor, the painter from his failures and his amours, the nice young man from his mother. And I suspect that the trouble is that the whole bunch of them can't get away from Lillian Hellman. It is not one of her best plays, but it was beautifully played.

—Crampton

TOURING in "A Sleep of Prisoners" is Don Harron, Toronto actor. See People, P. 16.

BRAIN-TEASER

TAKE IT FROM US!

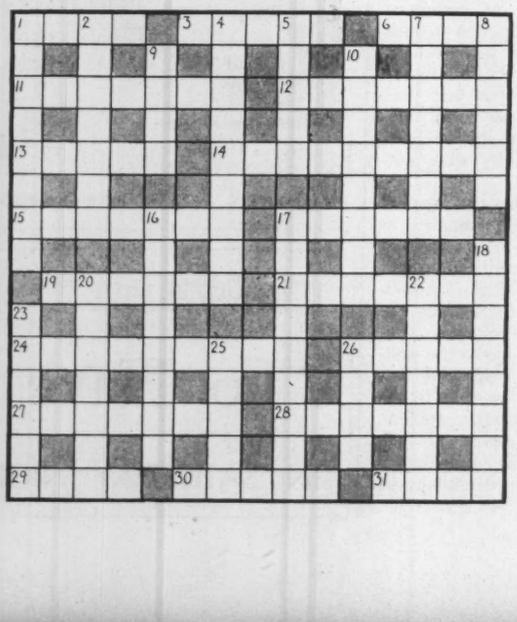
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Means of escape from life? (4)
3. The luck a shift may bring. (5)
6. and 11. See 23
12. No genius without a touch of it, said Seneca. (7)
13. W.C.T.U. option. (5)
14. Beauty-struck, he was rooted to the spot. (9)
15. They work on land and sea. (7)
17. A hundred and one 15 at sea. (6)
19. The little brother turns the sod. (6)
21. "My son, my son". (7)
24. Wherein the knowledgeable reveal what they are. (2,3,4)
26. One may get round to this for the asking. (5)
27. One way to make gin. (7)
28. Fur-tive creature, seldom seen in its true colors. (7)
29. Summer is half over at last! (4)
30. An eccentric way to start a car! (5)
31. Water color. (4)

DOWN

1. Uselessness? Quite the reverse when beheaded. (8)
2. Gilbert's contribution to opera. (7)
4. Those who hesitate may burn their breeches behind them. (9)
5. Participant in a terrible murder. (5)
7. A lyrical means of expression in vowels. (7)
8. Stop the steamship held by the tide. (6)
9. A wag doesn't necessarily have one. (4)
10. Those holding Red visas, perhaps, would not be accepted as such by the West. (8)
16. Eric twiddles his toes. (8)
17. She's always in hot water. (9)
18. See 23.
20. Repartee of chemists? (7)
22. Sweet land of liberty? (7)
23. 11, 18 and 6. Preceded "When your hair has turned to silver"? (6,7,5,3,4)
25. Reign water. (5)
26. The flower most certainly is to Gertrude Stein. (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Bulrushes
6. Piece
10. Trombone
11. Airily
12. Malapert
13. Entice
14. Mansiaughter
18. House of Lords
21. Decamp
22. Furbelow
25. Comics
26. Emulates
27. Inane
28. Antelopes

DOWN

2. Unreal
3. Rumba
4. Smoke
5. Electra
7. Irritated
8. Cold cure
9. Lavengro
15. Adulation
16. Sheepish
17. Shoehorn
19. Fifteen
20. Cohere
23. Rouge
24. Erato

(194)

SPORTS

NEED FOR COMMISSIONERS

by Kim McIlroy

THERE has been a rumbling undercurrent of opinion, splashed prominently all over the sports pages, among Canada's senior amateur rugby men that what the game needs is a commissioner.

Commisioners come, of course, in assorted sizes and shapes. There is the old-school type of commissioner, like baseball's late, unloved, but respected Judge Landis, who has authority over everyone from owner to batboy and uses it for what he considers to be the good of the game.

Then there is the large, economy-size commissioner, called a President in the National Hockey League, a thoroughly competent man who, if he had the power, could do as much for hockey as Landis did for baseball, but who unfortunately is used pretty much as a mouthpiece for the moguls, with the primary job of keeping an eye on the box office.

The rugby folks don't specify which kind of commissioner they have in mind, but the arguments for creation of the job are convincing.

The turn of the year is the time when the various clubs, who have been howling poor all season, announce the size of the annual net profits. These range, in the eastern and western Interprovincials, where amateurism pays, anywhere from a couple of thousand to 25 grand, depending usually on the progress of the assembled beef into the playoffs.

This profit, it must be admitted, is highly illusory, since the gross revenue reported comes by no means entirely from the gate and such legitimate sources, but also from grants and contributions from rugby-minded boosters. Especially is this true in the patriotic West.

—Michael Burns

CLARENCE CAMPBELL, NHL President, a good commissioner if given powers.

HOWEVER, while this profit may be as padded as a stenographer's sweater, the entire monetary outlay, the amount passing into and out of the till in the course of the season is by no means small potatoes, running to an average of about a quarter of a million annually.

Now when an amateur sport reaches the proportions where its teams are passing out the mazuma in these impressive sizes, it is plain that problems must arise which would never face St. Edmund's Midgets in the West End Church League.

For one thing, there is the matter of raiding. Edmonton Eskimaux spent last year the tidy figure of $129,434 on the salaries of their amateur help. For that many dollars, a coach expects to buy players of character and ability, but sometimes the more outstanding players of character and ability are already playing for someone else. This presents a temptation.

As matters now stand, the rugby bosses have worked out, in sheer self-defence, a system of sorts for protecting their chattels from one another's depredations, but agreements based on honor and mutual regard are flimsy things at best. What is needed is someone who will look after the rights of all impartially and firmly.

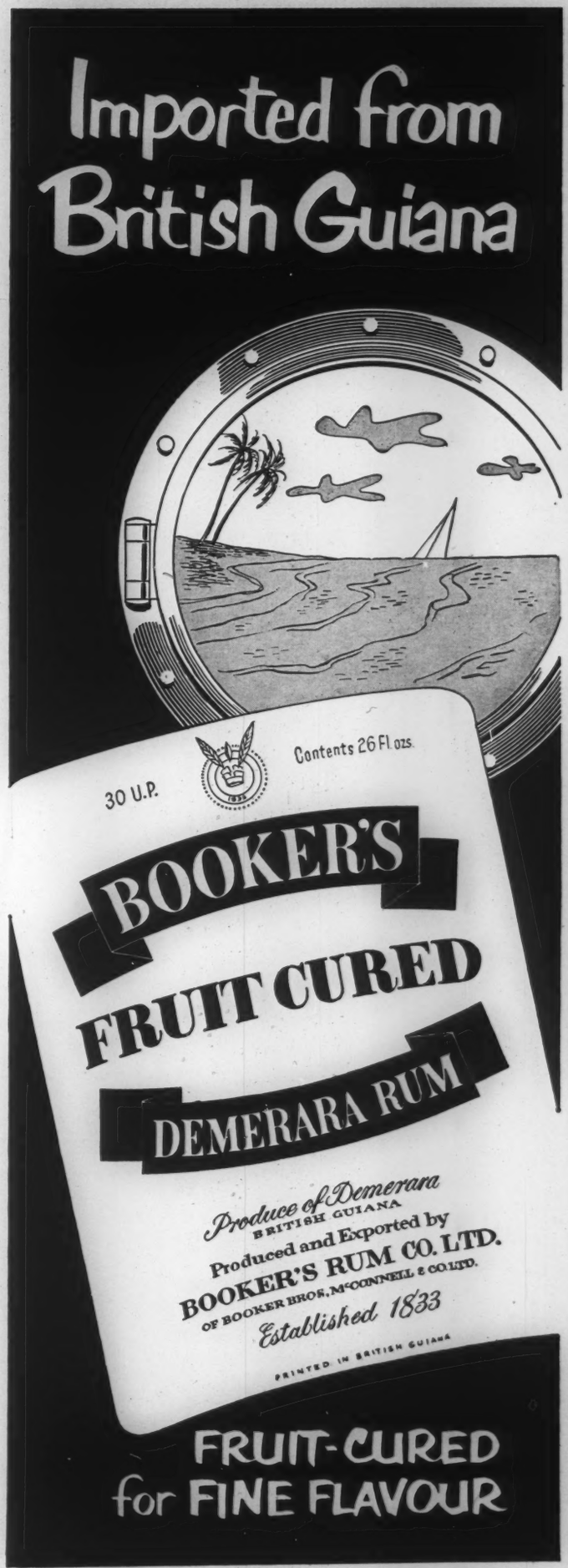
Then, too, there is the question of relations with the professional (how'd they get in here?) leagues in the good old U.S. Cross-border conversations, as things are now, customarily pass through various courts of law, which is a laborious process at best, and costly too. A man named Bell runs the show in the U.S., and seems to be doing a fairish job at it, but when he wants to talk to Canadian Rugby he has to contact a minimum of eight people.

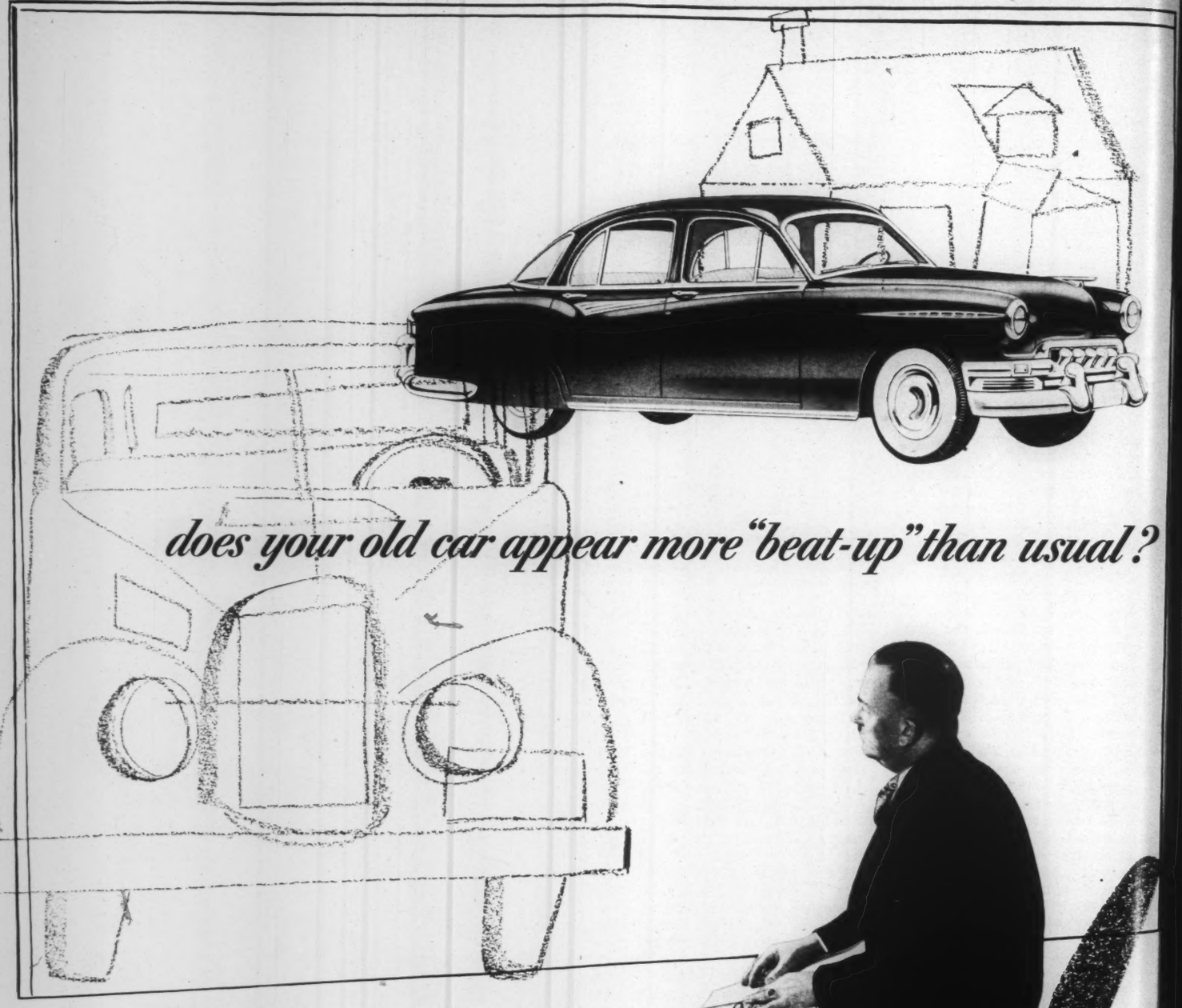
Other sports besides rugby could certainly look into the commissioner idea with profit. The current amateur-hockey season has been marked in almost every league with arguments over such familiar subjects as rough play and the rights to certain players, and over such esoteric ones as whether under common law, to say nothing of common decency, a bunch of kids of varying religious backgrounds can be compelled to play hockey on Sunday.

It is obvious that most of these controversies could be, and should be, amicably settled by the various associations who set themselves up in authority over the amateurs, but in point of fact very few of them ever are. In many cases these unselfish sponsors of good clean sport are about as disinterested in a buck as John D. Rockefeller was.

A commissioner could keep himself quite busy, including week ends.

■ What a hockey player eats is usually his own business, unless it affects his performance on the ice. To the list of martyrs in this category, long headed by dieting Turk Broda of Maple Leafs, must be added one Eric Nesterenko, right-winger with Toronto Marlboros, who breaks out in a rash unless he sticks to a special diet. The rash has kept him on the sidelines for more than one game.





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If so, it's probably because you have been reading some of those colorful magazine advertisements announcing new models. Millions of Canadians find out about automobiles from their national magazines. Here is Canada's greatest motor show.

> *In magazines automobile manufacturers get the quality of printing and colors that enable them to show their cars with mirror-like fidelity. Furthermore, in magazines they show their automobiles simultaneously in every community across Canada. Whether you live on a Prairie farm or in an East-coast fishing village, you get news of new automobile models designed for your comfort, pleasure and convenience, as soon as people in Toronto or Montreal.*

But, as realistically as automobiles can be shown in magazine advertising, there's nothing like the real thing. After you compare the values set forth so clearly in your magazine, why not go to your nearest dealer and try out one of the new models?

the magazine advertising bureau of Canada

21 Dundas Square, Toronto, 1